

NATIONAL MAGAZINE

VOL. XIII.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 2



Affairs at Washington

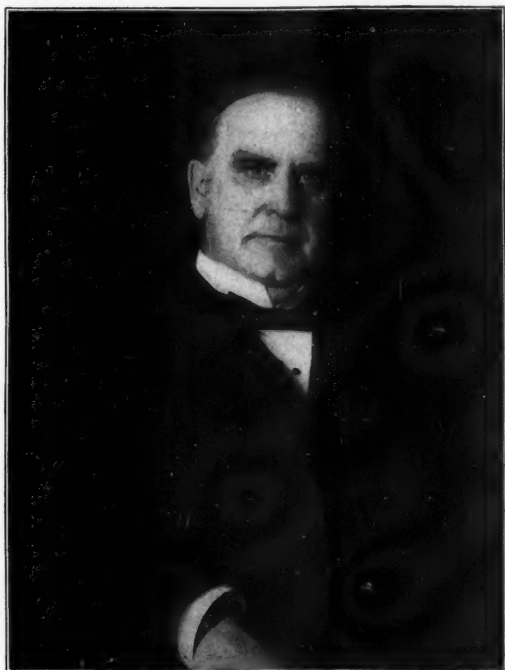
By Joe Mitchell Chapple

THERE has not been a time in the history of our nation when the diplomatic corps at Washington has so fully represented the nations of the world as at present. Countries which have heretofore deemed it unnecessary to have fully empowered ministers at Washington, are now represented by shrewd and capable diplomatists. These newcomers have a busy and brilliant social season before them, and initial events were scheduled early in October. The list of new names in the diplomatic calendar indicates that the United States has taken a long step forward as a world power and trade arbiter within the past few years. It was my good fortune to meet a number of the new ministers from the South American republics and they all expressed a keen and most intelligent interest in the features of northern hemisphere institutions and civilization.

The presidential election was an interesting puzzle to them, for when the country is at its most intense political fever

heat, Washington is as quiet as a Mississippi bayou, in August. A few enterprising Democrats in Washington flung a Bryan banner to the breeze, otherwise it might have been difficult to ascertain that a campaign was in progress. As no votes for president can be cast in Washington, voters

PRESIDENT WILLIAM MCKINLEY.



among the department clerks and officials retain their residence at "the old home," in order to hold the right to

single mail, it was evident that he has no end of work on hand.

NEW MINISTER FROM ECUADOR



a voice in the national election.

A number of the new ministers from South American countries expressed an unusual enthusiasm over the Pan-American exposition of 1901 in Buffalo. One of them said to me, "It is an event that will bring all the nations of the western hemisphere closer together so that we shall realize the substantial benefits of the Monroe Doctrine in trade relations.

Diplomatic life at Washington is not entirely a life of leisure. When I saw

NEW MINISTER FROM URUGUAY.



the mass of correspondence that arrived for the Japanese minister in a

Secretary Hay is influential with the foreign diplomats. His long and varied public experience at home and abroad, dating back to the time when he was the beardless boy-secretary to President Lincoln, has pre-eminently qualified him for dealing with foreign representatives. Every time I see him primly entering the White House with his new leather portfolio under his arm I feel assured that there is a good, business deal for American trade incubating in that bag.

SENOR DON LUIS F. COREA, NICARAGUAN MINISTER.



Madame Takahira, the wife of the new Japanese minister, is one of the most charming ladies of the diplomatic circle, and is deservedly popular in the society of the capital. Her style of beauty more nearly approaches the Western ideal than that of any of her countrywomen who have delighted Washington society in the past, and in her adoption of American dress she displays exquisite taste. Her husband having been previously stationed at the gayest capitals of Europe, Madame Takahira has become a thorough cosmopolite, adding the charm of being a brilliant conversationalist, thoroughly conversant

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

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DR. EDUARDO WILDE, NEW MINISTER FROM
THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC



MR. MANUEL ALVAREZ CALDERON, NEW
MINISTER FROM PERU



PHYA PRASIDDHI, NEW SIAMESE MINISTER



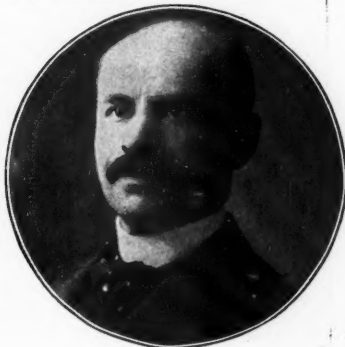
NEW KOREAN MINISTER



MR. J. B. PIDDA, MINISTER FROM SWITZERLAND



BARON GEVERS, NEW MINISTER FROM THE
NETHERLANDS



with the affairs of the day. Her three children are in Japan.

An interesting bit of correspondence is Mrs. McKinley's letter, indorsing the Charity Bazaar, conducted under the auspices of the women of America in aid of the sufferers from the Galveston disaster. It is, by the way, her first official message in her character of mistress of the White House, as she has been compelled to forego participation in any public function. This appeal to her womanly sympathies, however, she could not allow to pass without substantial recognition, as witnesses the following letter:

October 15, 1900

Mrs. C. J. Mar, Secretary, Charity Bazaar, Waldorf-Astoria, New York, N. Y.

Your telegram has been received informing me of the opening this evening of the Charity Bazaar under the auspices of the Women of America, for the relief of the sufferers from the Galveston disaster. Please assure those in charge, of my deep interest and my best wishes for its success.

Ida S. McKinley.

An unusual quietude prevailed at the White House in the ante-election days. The stream of callers was at an ebb, and needed repairs were being made to the well-worn stairway leading to the executive office. A chat with President McKinley is always an inspiration. He was enjoying the remnant of a cigar when I entered, and never has he appeared in better health. He maintains an equipoise that is refreshing amid all the strenuous responsibilities of the hour. One who knows President McKinley realizes that he is the same unselfish, conscientious, cool-headed and pure-minded man he has always been, with his great fund of rugged American common sense readily at command. The large bouquet of nasturtiums on the table in the cabinet room gave a touch of homelike cheerfulness, and the carnation was in the lapel of his coat as usual. The heavy business of the day was over, but he continued signing his name to a number of documents until he cleared the desk. A chief executive signing his name thirty or forty thousand times a year is likely to find

MR. KOGORO TAKAHIRA, THE NEW MINISTER FROM JAPAN



MADAME TAKAHIRA, WIFE OF THE NEW JAPANESE MINISTER



Photo by Clinodins

it monotonous. And yet, in those few movements of the pen with which the President of the United States affixes his name to a document, what a power there is behind the faintly traced lines! Perhaps Lytton may have had state papers in mind rather than purely liter-

ary productions when he declared "the pen mightier than the sword." I could not resist thinking of what import the two words carried, not alone as the name William McKinley, but the tremendous power that the signature of the President of the United States rep-

resents to the world. What fatal blunders could be made with one sweep of the pen, creating panic at home and war abroad. Fortunately, that pen is

greatness of the man. The little fellow's eyes sparkled as he twisted his hat and scraped his leg. It was a moment for that boy which will remain a

BORN TO COMMAND.



KING ANDREW THE FIRST.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—The cry of Imperialism was never more vociferous than during President Andrew Jackson's campaign for re-election. The accompanying cartoon created a great sensation and is herewith republished for the first time since the memorable Jackson campaign. The single original of this cartoon is in existence in Washington.

guided by a sovereign free people.

. . .

A bright lad of fourteen was shown in, and the fatherly way in which the President greeted and talked with that boy, with his hand laid gently on his shoulder, emphasized to me the real

life inspiration. The young people of America have a true friend in President McKinley, and he always keeps in touch with the future because of what it means to the young people of America who are to represent the firesides and homes in years to come.

AFFAIRS AT WASHINGTON

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MISS FULLER, DAUGHTER OF CHIEF
JUSTICE FULLER



SENORA GUILLERMINA O. DE WILDE, WIFE
OF THE NEW ARGENTINIAN MINISTER



MISS FLORIDA GRAVES



MISS IVY MOORE



Photo by Gilbert

Photo by Buck

MRS LIEUT. DILLINGHAM

A WASHINGTON BEAUTY



Photo by Gottreals

MISS CONGER, DAUGHTER OF MINISTER CONGER

"JOHN OLIVER HOBBS"
MRS. CRAIGIE

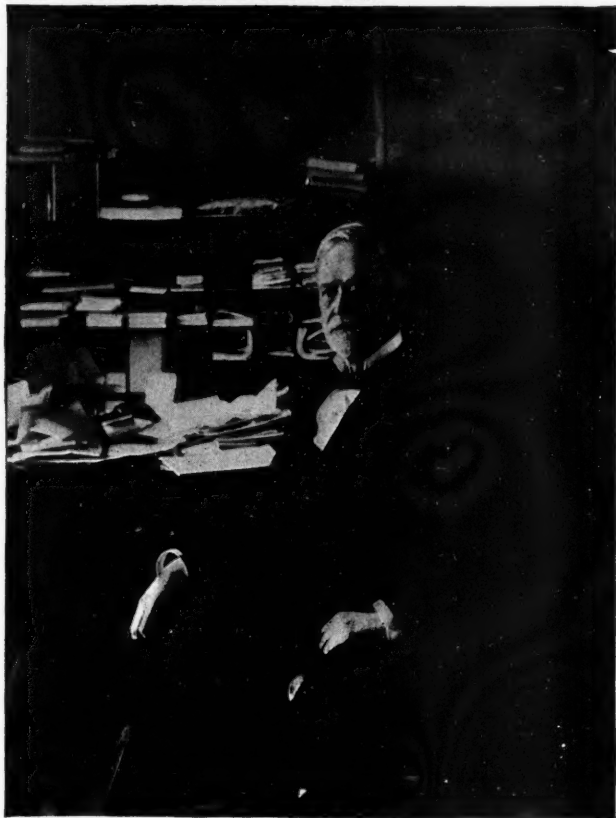
On this same day Minister Wu Ting Fang called on President McKinley. The repairs being made on the stairway leading to the executive offices on the second floor, and the narrow steps made the ascent an athletic feat. It was Minister Wu's formal presentation to the chief executive. It is not customary for a minister to confer directly with the President, but to address him through the State depart-

ment. The privilege of personal access is only accorded to ambassadors, and the fact that Minister Wu requested the unusual privilege of calling on the President in person to deliver the thanks of China for the position our government had taken, indicated that he was quite sure of promotion to an ambassadorship. Minister Wu braved the storm of several months past with the courage and tact of a born diplomat. He speaks good English. When the audience was completed he left the White House in his automobile. He is an expert amateur photographer, and it may be surmised that he carried away with him a snap shot of the President as a souvenir of his initial audience.

The salient feature of our late Chinese experiences shows that in everything, Uncle Sam has been the successful leader



EX-SECRETARY SHERMAN AT HIS DESK



of the nations. He was first to get authentic news from the beleaguered legations at Peking; first to receive an official report of the battle between the allies and the Chinese; the only power that did not commit the inexcusable blunder of opening fire on the forts at Taku; the first to announce a thoughtful and friendly policy toward a nation torn and dazed by domestic insurrection; the first to hear officially from his minister at Peking and the first to inaugurate a withdrawal of the army which had effected without committing any national offense, the supreme mis-

sion for which it was sent to the ancient and slumbering empire of Confucius.

“John Sherman is going home to die.” The pathetic and prophetic utterance of the public, made upon the occasion of his return from Mansfield to Washington, has been verified. “With his passing,” said Attorney General John W. Griggs, “is severed the most prominent human link that binds this generation to the period of anti-slavery struggle.” Seated in his deep leather library chair before the fire, he passed the sunset of a great life.

sonal following, such as no other American editor has had before or since his day. The cartoons in those days; were printed and sold separately at

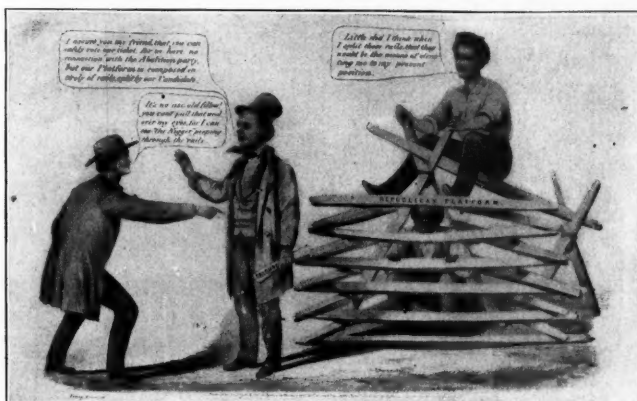
who is proven inconsistent with himself, was rich game for the early cartoonists who were jubilant in heralding in pretentious paragraphs enclosed



ten cents each, and some of them were splendid examples of the lithographers' art. This was especially true of the cartoons in Lincoln's time.

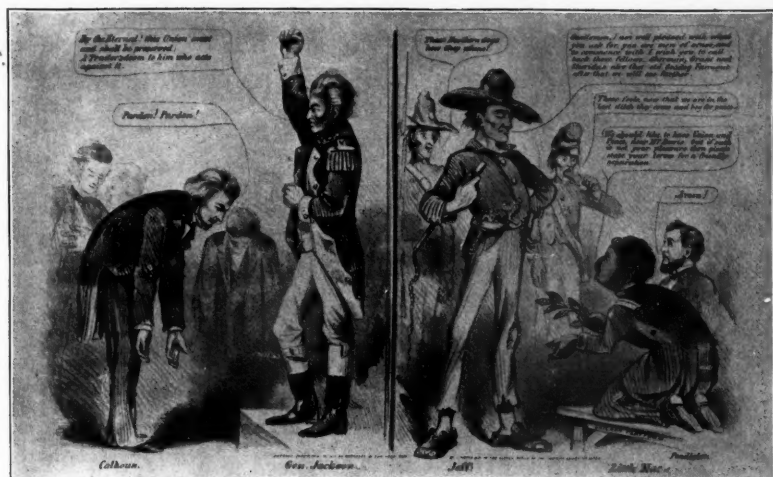
in a border, the words supposed to have been spoken by the unhappy victim.

The famous "nigger in the wood-



The "deadly parallel" has always been an effective inspiration for cartoons. The public man who varies his opinions from year to year, and

pile" cartoon, which represents Lincoln sitting on a rail cage, inside of which is a negro, and Greeley trying to explain in the "Tribune" that there is



The national game of base-ball was utilized in one of the Lincoln cartoons, with a not very fragrant suggestion in reference to a little animal on the presidential diamond. Breckenridge is represented as retiring to his home

must and shall be preserved" first found popular expression in a cartoon, and it is doubtful if the stormy words would have become so prominent in the traditions of the country if it had not been for the cartoon showing the

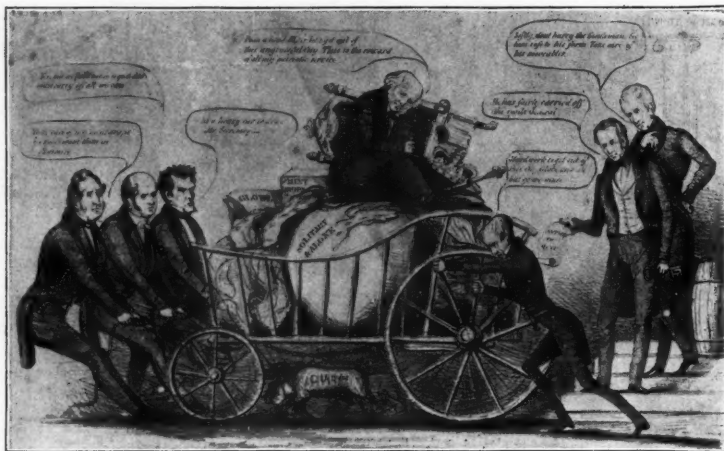


in Kentucky holding his nose, while Lincoln with a gigantic rail for a bat is shown as master of the situation.

The famous expression of President Jackson "By the Eternal, this union

proud Calhoun bowing for pardon before the imperious "Old Hickory."

There is something of the spirit of gallantry in the portraits represented in the cartoons of seventy years ago. The features were not coarsely distort-



ed as today, but were made easily recognizable and as true a likeness as a daguerreotype could furnish. Even in the manner of dress, the "claw ham-

mer" attire was always maintained punctiliously.

The cartoon has not been so attractive or potent a feature in the campaign of 1900 as formerly. The vital spark of conviction and bitterness is lacking, and the cartoon is now so thoroughly humorous that it seems more to serve the purpose of amusement than to have any value in changing public opinion.

The saffron hue of some of the newspaper cartoons of today is but a reflection of the keen satire of Nast in his war upon Tweed, with none of the genteel, yet rapier-like thrusts at corruption. The facts and truth should be the foundation of cartoons if they are expected to influence the American people.



*Honest old Abe on the Stump.
Springfield 1859*

*Honest old Abe on the Stump,
at the ratification Meeting of
Presidential Nominations.
Springfield 1860*

A RECOMPENSE OF TIME

By Katherine H. Brown

MASTER ROGER BURFORD clattered right gaily out of Alexandria town that windy March morning of 1804. His long blue riding coat swung loose from his broad shoulders, its silver buttons glittering in the pale spring sunlight; he sat well forward on Gray Molly's neck, his eager fingers twisted in the bridle. Gray Molly was well alive to the spirit of the day and to the wishes of her young master; she dashed southward down the river road at a flying gallop, tossing her beautiful head in scorn at the gullies when Burford tried to check her, and pelted over the log bridges like a wild thing. Yet she was none too swift to please her rider, who patted her neck impatiently and whistled encouragement whenever her pace slackened. At a bend in the road they fled past a great state carriage so swiftly that Burford had no chance to return the surprised greeting from the men on the box. He waved back an apologetic hand as he recognized their salute.

"Burford, you say? Of the Sussex Burfords?" queried one traveller, turning his great glass on the retreating horseman as he spoke. His companion laughed shortly.

"Here we do not say, of Sussex; of Alexandria, instead," he rejoined, "you must remember that we are now an independent country with traditions and origins of our own—a bit chaotic, perhaps, but rapid of crystallization. Burfords of Alexandria, then; of good old ante-Revolutionary stock, closely related to the Sussex house, and famed alike for their hospitality,

their silence and their hard riding."

"The boy shows his blood bravely, then," said the first speaker. "Did you see him clear that heap of logs? He is in a haste hardly befitting one of his dignity."

The other laughed again. "Could you but look upon the object of that haste, you would not speak so," he answered. "For a year he has been a somewhat favored suitor to Inez Carroll, grand niece of old General Carroll; and since New Year's day he has not seen her. She has been away at the Sacre Coeur, and Madam Carroll forbade her receiving any visitors while at her studies, however pressing their claims might be. Mistress Inez is a dutiful child, yet were I young Burford—" he stopped with an expressive shrug.

"She is then so lovely?" asked the other, half incredulous.

"She doth outstrip all praise," returned his friend, "Truly, he is a lucky fellow who by this time enters General Carroll's gateway!"

And Roger Burford's heart unconsciously echoed the words as he guided Gray Molly to the horse-block and flung himself out of the saddle. Inez stood on the pillared porch awaiting him. Inez with laughing eyes, as black as the lace flung over her fair head, and lips as brilliant as her crimson gown. She put both hands lightly into his own, but drew them away again as he would have raised them to his eager lips.

"Oh, no, Roger dear—please!" she whispered. "There are guests within—such a stately line of them!—and

one young Londoner, Roderick Carroll, my new cousin. That is, he says I must call him cousin, though he can at best be counted none of blood; but he brought me this—" she put out a slender foot, and touched the spaniel puppy sprawling against her gown, "and then he teases me so of you and of all the others that we must be very grave and careless of each other. You understand, Roger—dear?"

Roger did not understand, but the family gift of silence was his in goodly measure. He followed Inez into the wide, low-ceiled parlor, his eyes clouded with pain and anger, his lips tightly set. Madam Carroll considered him over her carved wood fan, and admitted to herself that her niece was favored with a very sightly suitor. "He carries himself well, though no true Burford could be awkward," she thought, "and he has matured wonderfully in the past three months, although I had not noticed it until today. Yes, he will do very well."

Roger followed Inez passively about the great room to greet her uncle's friend's. They formed a fascinating group, for in a way they pictured forth the swift, inexorable changes which the new order of things was working in the lives of men. General Carroll, majestic in his laced coat and silken stockings, with sword and snuff-box, sleeve ruffles and powdered queue, stood for the beliefs as well as for the garb of a quarter of a century before. At the table beside him, Colonel Timothy Matthews, a burly exponent of the Jeffersonian simplicity of the day, from his close cropped head to his coarse shoes, sat bending his heavy brows over a parchment map, marked in curious lines and circles. Here and there a fragment of a scarlet wafer, attached by a bit of wax, indicated a village or a trading post; Cincinnati, Lexington, Nashville, St. Louis.

"This, then, is the way the expedition will go?" asked the Honorable Rutherford Sterne of New York. He passed a long white forefinger confidently down the blue line which indicated the Ohio river, then turned it in a vague curve toward the north and west. "According to instructions—"

"According to instructions, they will go far enough to the north to determine the boundary between the purchase and the English domain, then west to the ocean, then homeward by any route which appears feasible," interrupted Captain Matthews.

"I have it from His Excellency, Mr. Jefferson himself, that Captain Lewis is to use his own judgment in the matter of routes," began General Carroll. "This grand new territory of ours, teeming with unknown riches—"

"And misfortunes," interrupted Captain Timothy behind his hand.

"—Is not to be left to the ignorant and the depraved for investigation. I understand that Captains Lewis and Clarke are to be given ample supplies, not only of clothing and provisions, but of gifts for the savages, money and instruments of all sorts. The results of the journey should have a scientific as well as an economic value."

"Much money this country has to spend on meanderings to the moon," grumbled Ezra Lord, a ratfaced Philadelphia lawyer.

Roger turned to Inez. "They are talking of the proposed exploration of Louisiana?" he asked, determined to have something to say. But a quick flush darkened his face as he looked at her. He had thought her close at his elbow, but she had slipped away to the fireplace, where she stood chatting with the London cousin.

Roger felt dully conscious of his own inferiority in dress and manner

to this dashing young officer, superb in his brilliant regimentals, dazzling with gold and orders from epaulet to knee. He crushed down a childish resentment at the fate which had flung him, a shy untrained boy, into the arena against so strong and so superbly equipped an antagonist. He caught a reflection of his own splendid young body in the mirror opposite. Yes, he was big enough, he reflected vaguely; and strong enough, if the question were just a matter of bone and muscle. If the situation were only so simple! He squared himself unconsciously.

"Oh, my young turkey cock!" cried Captain Matthews from behind. He seized Roger by the shoulders, and swung the boy around to face him.

"Dallying before a Virginia mirror, when you should be doing sentry duty down the coast, or enlisting under Captain Lewis! Off with him to the guard house!"

There was a general laugh at Roger's expense. But Rutherford Sterne looked up gravely.

"That is an opportunity which any young man might well covet," he said. "Were it not for the burden of my years, nothing should deter me from such a journey. And the thirst for adventure would not be my sole aim. Think of the honor awaiting those men who shall open up this vast land for cultivation and for settlement! Think—"

But Roger had slipped away into the wide, chill hall. His eyes were burning with the excitement of a new hope. "Burford silent," he was, but his thoughts flew all the swifter for his quiet tongue.

Before him gleamed a strange new land, illimitable, alluring; he saw himself threading its shadowy valleys,

urging Gray Molly across its mist wreathed hills; all about him rose the dream mountains of which he had heard so many wild, enchanting tales; before him shone the sapphire flood of the vast mysterious western ocean, fathomless, unknown; and his heart thrilled with the passion for search and conquest. Then—then, he



"Gray Molly dashed southward down the river road at a flying gallop"

could come back to Inez and claim her fairly before all the world. Not that he would ever be good enough for Inez; he felt her rare perfection too truly to dare imagine that; but with fame and honors at his back, he might please her a little—in time.

A light step clicked on the tiled floor, and Inez came swiftly to his side. Perhaps Inez was a bit of a coquette; even convent-bred maidens have been known to be. She put both slim little hands on Roger's arm, and looked up into his grave face.

"Why did you slip away to yourself, to this cold room?" she asked, teasingly. "Grandaunt is looking about for you, to ask you to take Cousin Jemima in to dinner, for I must take Cousin Roderick—these cousins!" she added, with a laugh. "And grand-uncle wishes you to look at this curious map they are all talking about. It seems to me he is almost ready to join the expedition himself. How dreadful such a journey would be!"

"What would you think of a man if he made this trip—and succeeded?" asked Roger.

"What should I think?" Inez bent her head and scrutinized her little slipper. "If he failed—that is if he should give out, and prove a burden on his companions, I should think him foolish and—well, even wicked to have undertaken such a work. If he succeeded—" she looked up, her eyes dilating, "if he should do a great work for the nation, and make a way for the people who wish to go to those far lands, I—I could not honor him enough!"

"My Lady Inez!" called Roderick's gay voice from the library door. "Madam, your aunt desires that you show me the books which she brought from England, and I also desire a pilot. Will you come, if Master Burford will relinquish you?"

Roger instantly bowed his acknowledgement, and Inez ran away to rejoin the young officer. He had no opportunity to speak with her again until after the interminable state dinner, when she found him in the hallway, buckling on his spurs.

"Oh, Roger!" she cried, with wondering eyes. "We thought you would stay until night, at least. Grand-aunt wants to talk to you, and so do I. With all these guests, I have hardly seen you."

Roger picked up his riding coat, then flung it down again. He struggled with his almost overmastering habit of silence; then—"Inez," he said, very quietly, "I have concluded to go with Captain Clarke on that expedition. The family will not object; indeed, my father has often urged me to go out westward and take up new lands. But I shall not choose a home till after I have returned from the exploration; and I shall come back to Virginia before I decide upon my home for life."

"Why need you go?" asked Inez. Her lips were very white. "You do not love the home country?"

"I love it, but I must do more than just stay here," he answered. One supreme question shone in his eyes, but she did not stir. Perhaps she could not.

"I wish for you all good fortune," she said quite formally. "I have a little gift for you, which I have made for your birthday in April. Since you will not be here then, I'll give it to you now, but you must not open it until then."

She ran away upstairs, and came back with a little parcel wrapped in silky paper.

"It is to be your talisman," she said, with a little smile. "Remember, it is not to be opened until the right day. And now, goodby, Roger, for how many months—or years? Oh, let us say one year. That will be long enough."

Roger took her little hand mechanically. Perhaps if he had spoken then, even if she had looked her thought! But between them lay two insurmount-

able barriers; the Burford silence; the inexorable Carroll pride. They looked at each other as though from different spheres, across the gulf of Infinity itself.

Inez drew her hand away as Madam Carroll entered the hall.

"I go back to Baltimore to-morrow," she said, "and I shall often think of you, and wonder in what strange lands you may be traveling. Good-by, Roger, good-by!"

And Roger mounted Gray Molly and rode slowly back to Alexandria town, through the warm March sunshine, that seemed to blight and tarnish the clouding green of the woods it shone upon. For all his springtime afternoon had turned from gold to gray.

II.

Lieutenant Roger Burford, U. S. N., was in decidedly bad shape. The Philippine climate is a trying one at best for a new comer; and in less than a week after the "Superior" had dropped anchor in Manila harbor, before he was half acclimated, he was detailed for some very difficult shore duty. "Survey for five miles up the Surara river," sounded simple enough on the Instructions, but to follow out said Instructions proved quite another story. Sometimes the Surara river rushes, a black, boiling surge, over rocky pits six fathoms deep; sometimes it crawls in oily gray circles over glimmering quicksands; the banks are matted thick with brush and weeds close bedded in sliding ooze, and here and there the stream is laced across with giant vines reaching down as though to clutch and suffocate the

daring intruders below. The "Superior" was short handed, so only six men were told off to accompany Burford; two of them were veterans of years' experience in eastern waters, but to the rest as to Burford, their undertaking was strange and daunting. Two were struck down by the heat the third day out. Burford sent them back in the supply boat, under care of



"When we love each other, neither life nor death could part us, why should we fear?"

one veteran and a green oarsman; then with those that were left he pushed on up the black plague-stricken channel.

The ague wrenched him by night, the fever smote him by day. During the last three days of his northward journey, he wrote his observations lying braced against a tree, while old Mulcahy steadied his jerking wrist whenever the pen threatened to go off on a tangent. He lived on quinine and condensed milk, he fought the

fever with every precaution that he knew. One thing he did not know how to do, and that was, to turn back.

Consequently, he finished his observations and returned within the estimated time, but as Mulcahy remarked, the observations nearly finished him. He reported at the captain's cabin, a yellow young spectre, and laid his notes on the table without a word.

"Mr. Burford, sir," began the captain as he looked up. Burford was reeling back and forth, with both hands pressed to his eyes. He answered with an incoherent mutter. The captain sprang to his feet just as he fell against the wall.

It was fully an hour before the ship's surgeon could rouse Burford's tired heart to perceptible movement, and it was still later when he showed signs of consciousness. The signs themselves were not encouraging; he did nothing save repeat his observations in broken whispers: "Three fathoms there—three degrees, to the—banks, tufa," mingled with "Mulcahy, get the glass, please—oh what did she say? What did say?" And once he spoke more clearly. "If he does his part—if he does—I could not honor him enough!"

"As bad a typhoid case as I care to see," said the ship's surgeon. "He'll have to go ashore."

They took him ashore, but not to the marine hospital. Professor Irvin of the commission, who had been greatly interested in Burford's undertaking, begged to share his wide, quiet bungalow with the invalid; and the second day of his illness Burford was carried there.

For six weeks he never stirred. The fever flamed and sank and flamed again. Through the long days and weeks he never realized where he was, nor how he came there; but his anx-

ious brain was never at rest. Why had they given him this wretched nag instead of his Gray Molly? Where was Captain Lewis, and why did he not send word when the expedition would start back from the Mandan village? What had they done with the specimens he had collected—his tomahawks and arrowheads, which he was to have presented to President Jefferson with his own hands? And why didn't they send word to Inez? "Oh, Inez, Inez, Inez!" he would cry, clutching at his throat with both trembling hands, to find the miniature that she had painted—when? "Oh, Inez, Inez, Inez!"

"It is a most peculiar and a trying coincidence," observed Professor Irvin to a fellow commissioner, one evening when Burford's insistent call had reached their ears, even in the smoking-room across the gallery, "that this—this young lady to whom poor Burford refers in his delirium should bear the same name as my niece. They have never met before, so there is no possibility—" for the fellow commissioner was smiling over his cigar, "and then, Inez is—well, not impressionable. Then, she and my wife only came out from San Francisco last week, as you know; but young Burford seemed aware of a new comer, and as he called incessantly for "Inez" the night she came, I persuaded her to go in and see him for a moment—and—of course one doesn't believe in these irrational influences, of course not—but the doctor says he has been decidedly better since she came."

Inez Carroll, Wellesley, '98, stood meanwhile at Burford's bedside. With the first click of her foot on the threshold, he had cried out joyfully, then dropped asleep, almost before she could cross the room. He was looking better than on the day before; she thought; the doctor had said that the

fever was going down, and that within a day or so he would probably regain his full senses. Was she glad or sorry? She shivered a little as she looked down at the sleeping face.

All her wholesome, vigorous girl life and memory seemed to have slipped from her as a garment; she walked in some remote, mysterious dream. Inez Carroll? Aye, she was Inez Carroll, and her gold hair framed eyes as black and cheeks as rounded as those of the portrait in her hand. Inez Carroll? Aye, Inez Carroll; wedded to her cousin, yet loving the angry young suitor who had flung away from her that keen March morning; loving and mourning him all her short life. Her heart cried out at the useless misery of it all. And when he should waken, would he also know?

The nurse came softly down the hall and Inez motioned him to her place. Then she sped away to the still dusk of her own room.

Burford's fever broke the following day, but left him very weak. He was perfectly "at himself," the doctor said; he asked after his men and sent his devoirs to the captain, then proceeded to devote himself to naps and to chicken broth in a most exemplary manner. On the third day Inez went in to see him, despite the nurse's protest that he would not know her, for he remembered nothing of his delirium.

Burford said nothing when she shyly presented herself. The nurse left the room, and he lay looking at her gravely for some minutes. Then he put out his hand and spoke.

"So you have come. Inez Carroll," he said.

"I have come, Roger," she answered.

"Oh, it's too absurd! It can't be true!" he broke out sharply. "And yet—do you know it, too?"

And she answered, "I know it."

Burford reached out a gaunt hand and drew her soft palm upwards against his cheek. Then he shut his eyes, with a long, contented sigh.

"Have you the miniature?" he asked presently.

"Of course, I—she—oh, what am I to say, Roger?"

"Whatever you will, love," he answered, with a laugh; "I can understand."

"Well, perhaps you don't know the history of the thing. Inez gave him her miniature with 'Mizpah' written on it, and he opened it when they were away out in the wilderness, in the spring of 1804, with the expedition, and then he failed—"

She felt the fingers wince that held her own. "Oh, I didn't mean that, Roger! He had a fever, and couldn't go on, and they brought him back to St. Louis—it was just a little village then, you know—and—and he was dreadfully ill, and sent back the miniature and said he'd failed, and wasn't fit to keep it, nor to claim her. And then a little while afterward she heard that he was dead, and her people urged her to marry her cousin, Rod-erick Carroll—do you remember?"

"Yes."

"Well—she did, and I'm her great-granddaughter—at least that's what they've always told me. And there's always been an Inez Carroll, and the miniature came on down to me—"

"Roger didn't die then," said Burford, slowly. "He heard about her marriage, and—well, he lived along a while till he was quite an elderly man. Then he married an English lady, a very lovely woman, I fancy."

"Never!"

"Inez! well, dear, perhaps other people have been jealous, too. And I'm his great-grandson. He left his journal of the expedition to each namesake in turn, and of course it's mine

now; as if I needed to read it! It's a piteous thing, though, the way he worked and planned and failed at last. And it was never made up to him."

"But it shall be," she murmured. Roger looked at her tenderly.

"Her hair was just that cornsilk color," he whispered, stroking it softly. "And her eyes—"

"Oh, Roger, don't!" She forgot his weakness in her own sudden shock of terror, and clung to him, trembling. "Are we—are we—ourselves! Why have we, their children, come together so? When we had never seen nor heard of each other before, to meet in this strange land! What can it all mean?"

She hid her face against her arm.

She thought that she must shut out sight and thought and hearing. The shadowy room seemed thronged with unseen forms, throbbing with voices hushed—how many years ago! But Roger drew her tear-wet face to his.

"Why should we dare question what fate has brought us together?" he whispered. "You have promised me your love, I have given you mine. You wrote our destiny, yourself, dear, in the 'Mizpah' under the miniature. Do you remember?"

Inez lifted her head. "I do remember," she said, "and can I be afraid, when I have you again?"

"When we have each other," whispered Roger. "Neither life nor death could part us, why should we fear?"

THE FIRST AND THE LAST

THE first kiss of love! Can we ever forget it?

Ah, no! let the Fates do whatever they will;

The years may grow misty and many and yet it

Must bring to our musing an exquisite thrill.

But we cannot and will not agree with the poet

Who says it is better than all of the rest,

For we state, as a truth, and all wise people know it,

The last kiss of love is the sweetest and best.

Imagine two lips with the red of the roses

And filled with the beauty all lovers adore,

Now where is a sensible soul who supposes

We'll pass them because we have kissed them before?

With a heart overflowing happy and mellow,

And with loving regard for the dreams of the past,

The clear-thinking man, like a sensible fellow,

Will trade that first kiss for the sweetest and last.

The first kiss of love is a thing to remember

And tenderly cherish forever and aye;

When life has grown drear with the snows of December,

We'll think of the blossom that came in the May.

Yet the poet, himself, could he get a good chance he

Would find where he erred and his statement retract;

He'd learn, though the first may be sweetest in fancy,

The last kiss is always the sweetest in fact.

Nixon, Waterman

MYSTERIES OF THE NAVY

By Arthur T. Vance

THE story of the destruction of the battleship "Maine" in Havana harbor two years ago is still fresh in the minds of every American, though the mystery concerning the terrible wreck remains as unsolved to-day as ever. This calls to mind several other mysterious catastrophes that have happened to the American navy, the stories of which will bear retelling.

Perhaps the first such incident to be noted is that of the blowing up of the fire-ship "Intrepid" in Tripoli harbor in 1804, when Captain Richard Somers and a dozen other heroes gave their lives for their country.

Commodore Decatur had been sent to blockade the harbor of Tripoli until the Moors could be brought to terms. There was a good deal of brilliant fighting and then Captain Somers of the "Nautilus" volunteered to take a ship filled with explosives into the harbor for the purpose of destroying some of the more dangerous vessels of the Moorish fleet. The "Intrepid," the boat which Somers was to command, loaded to the decks with powder and explosives, and with three or four companion ships similarly loaded, was to sail under the guns of the enemy and anchor alongside their largest ships. Then Somers and his crew were to blow up their own ship, and incidently the hostile fleet, and make their escape in row boats. The darkest night possible was selected for the expedition.

It was but a short interval between the time when the "Intrepid" was last seen and that when those who watched

without the rocks learned her fate. There are various accounts as to what those who gazed into the gloom beheld, or fancied they beheld; but one melancholy fact alone would seem to be beyond contradiction. A fierce and sudden light illuminated the panorama; for one brief instant a volcano of fire streamed upward, and a concussion followed that made the other warships in the offing tremble from truck to keel. The unexpected blaze of light was followed by a darkness of twofold



intensity. Numerous shells were seen in the air and some of them descended on the rocks, where they were heard to fall. Their fuses were burning and

a few exploded; but the greater part were extinguished in the water.

So instant and tremendous was the explosion, and so intense the darkness that it was not possible to ascertain the precise position of the ship at the moment. In the glaring light no person could say that he had noted more than one thing, which was the fact that the "Intrepid" had not reached the point at which she had aimed. A few cries arose from the town, but the subsequent and deep silence that followed was more eloquent than any clamor. The whole of Tripoli was like a city of tombs.

If previously to the explosion every one had been watchful, every eye now became doubly vigilant in the attempt to discover the retreating boats. Men got over the sides of the vessels holding lights, others placed their ears close to the water to detect if possible the sound of muffled oars, and often it was fancied that the gallant adventurers were near, but they never came. Occasionally a rocket gleamed in the darkness, or a sullen gun was heard from the frigate as signals to the boats; but the lives of the heroes had been snuffed out and the guns tolled on the ears of the dead.

The squadron hovered around the harbor until the sun rose, but in spite of resolute search few traces of the "Intrepid," and nothing of her devoted crew could ever be discovered. The wreck of her mast lay on the rocks near the western entrance, and here and there a fragment was visible near it. One of the largest of the enemy's gun-boats was missing, and it was observed that two others which appeared to be shattered were being hauled up on the shore. The castle of the enemy had sustained no injury. It had been a useless sacrifice. In the wreck were found two mangled bodies, and four others were picked up floating in the

harbor or lodged upon the shore.

It is understood that six more bodies were found the day after the explosion on the shore to the southward of the town, and that a six-oared boat, with one body in it, had drifted on the beach a little to the westward. The Bashaw, being desirous of ascertaining how many Americans had been lost, offered a dollar for each body that could be discovered. This produced the desired effect, and in a few days the dead were all brought up. But the mystery surrounding the explosion has never been solved, though it has been conjectured that Somers himself blew up the boat to avoid capture by the enemy.

That Captain Somers was as capable of sacrificing himself when there was an occasion for it as any man who ever lived, is probably as true as it is certain that he would not destroy himself and others without sufficient reason. It has been supposed that the boat was boarded by the enemy and that her resolute commander fired the train in preference to being taken. It is not easy to discover a motive why the explosion should otherwise have been an intentional act on the part of the Americans, and it is not difficult to find many reasons why it should not have been such.

In 1814 Robert Fulton's then wonderful steam man-of-war, "The Demologos," or "The Fulton the First," as she was called, was mysteriously blown up in New York harbor. Though many were wounded fortunately no lives were lost. But the "Fulton the First" was so remarkable a craft for those days that she merits more than a passing notice. Robert Fulton had designed and built a wooden armor-clad, with sides five feet thick, with two submarine guns and twenty of the ordinary kind, with a protected paddle wheel in the centre

of the boat; a veritable floating fortress, capable of steaming five miles an hour.

We were at war with England at the time and the "Demologos" was intended to protect New York from any hostile attacks. That the terrors of the vessel made an impression on the enemy is evidenced by the following description of the boat by an English writer of the time:

"Length on deck 300 feet; breadth, 222 feet; thickness of her sides, 13 feet alternate oak plank and cork wood—

aggregated. It was sufficient, however, to have the enemy scared and it has always been supposed that the English were in some way connected with the mysterious blowing up of the vessel shortly after she was completed.

It was also just about this time (1814) that the sloop of war "Wasp" so mysteriously disappeared. It was Captain Blakely's first cruise and a glorious one. Starting out early in the year, after capturing seven merchant-men, she encountered, on the 28th of June, the British brig-of-war "Reindeer,"

THE WRECK OF THE "HURON"



carries 44 guns, four of which are hundred pounders; quarter deck and fore-castle guns, four pounders; and further to annoy an enemy attempting to board, can discharge one hundred gallons of boiling water in a minute, and by mechanism brandishes 300 cutlasses, with the utmost regularity over her gunwales; works also an equal number of heavy iron pikes of great length, darting them from her sides with prodigious force and withdrawing them every minute."

The "Demologos" was of course formidable, but the description over ex-

aggerated. It was sufficient, however, to have the enemy scared and it has always been supposed that the English were in some way connected with the mysterious blowing up of the vessel shortly after she was completed. It was also just about this time (1814) that the sloop of war "Wasp" so mysteriously disappeared. It was Captain Blakely's first cruise and a glorious one. Starting out early in the year, after capturing seven merchant-men, she encountered, on the 28th of June, the British brig-of-war "Reindeer,"

Owing to the proximity of the two vessels and the smoothness of the sea,

the loss on both sides was severe. That of the Americans was five killed and twenty-one wounded, while the British lost twenty-five killed, including Captain Manners, and forty-two wounded. The "Reindeer" was so much injured that it was found necessary to set her on fire.

Captain Blakely continuing his cruise, about the first of September discovered a fleet of merchant-men under convoy of a seventy-four gun ship. One of them was taken, and after removing her cargo, was set on fire. On the same evening she fell in with and captured the British sloop of war "Avon," of twenty guns.

The appearance of a British squadron compelled him to abandon his prize, which sunk soon after the removal of his men. The damage sustained in this action being soon repaired Captain Blakely continued his cruise, and on the 23d of September captured the British brig "Atalanta," which he sent home as a prize. From this date on no tidings have ever reached the navy department at Washington of this gallant ship. Whether she foundered in darkness and tempest, or whether she perished in a conflict with an enemy has never been ascertained.

The wreck of the "Huron" occurred in 1877. We had managed to get through the Civil War without any great naval disaster, which made the loss of life on the "Huron" in times of peace all the more appalling.

The "Huron," commanded by Captain Ryan, left Hampton Roads on a surveying cruise, on the morning of November 23, 1877. In less than twenty-four hours she had disappeared, a total wreck with 104 men drowned out of a crew of 138. The ship was supposed to be in every way speedy, safe and seaworthy. Her captain was one of the most experienced officers

in the navy, and had held many other responsible posts. This was his second cruise on the "Huron," so he ought to have been familiar with the ship and her peculiarities, for every ship, like every locomotive, has its little eccentricities. But how she came to be wrecked on a familiar coast remains a mystery to this day.

When she went out of Hampton Roads on Friday morning a stiff breeze was blowing. Towards evening this increased to a gale, and at ten minutes past one she struck on the sand near Kitty Hawk, on the coast of North Carolina. A terrible surf was raging at the time, the night was dark as pitch, neither the position of the ship nor the direction of the land was known, and all the signals of distress proved useless. The sailors remained to the last at their posts, even in the engine room. The ship had heeled over forty degrees to windward, and bumped heavily on the sand. At every bump parts of the engine frame snapped. The star-board boilers were shaken loose and shifted across, and forty minutes after she struck the fires beneath them had to be extinguished. At two o'clock the engines completely broke down, and a quarter of an hour afterwards the fires were reluctantly drawn from the port boilers, and the remaining steam used in blowing the danger whistle. All the valves communicating with the water were then secured and the engineers ordered up from below.

On reaching the deck they found the rest of the crew at their stations, cool and collected, the sea breaking over them and thinning their ranks at almost every wave. The rockets sent up seemed to be lost in the darkness, while the roar of the whistle was drowned in the fierce howling of the furious storm. Captain Ryan, several

of the officers, and many of the crew had been washed overboard as soon as the vessel struck, and now nearly half the men were missing. So violent was the gale that to launch the boats proved impossible. When daylight came, over eighty men had perished. Of the survivors, five were in the main rigging and fifty in the forecastle. At eight o'clock a tremendous sea broke over the poop and carried away the boats and hammock nettings. Half an hour afterward the main and mizzen masts went by the board.

The land was now visible, and to it Ensign Young volunteered to make his way. After great effort he got through the angry surf, and as soon as he reached the shore hurried off for assistance. He found the nearest car and life-saving apparatus locked up. The men had seen the signals in the night, knew that a ship was in danger, and yet made no struggle to help her, because they shrank from the responsibility of breaking open a door of

which the key was not forthcoming. Mr. Young, however, stood not on such ceremony. He broke into the shed, and availing himself of the sheriff's team, which happened to be handy, he took off the life-car, the mortar and the rocket lines and hurried back. He reached the scene of the wreck at about eleven, and then the foremast had gone, the deck was clear of men and the ship was fast breaking up.

As soon as the news was flashed to them, several ships started from their anchorage at Hampton Roads to bring off the survivors, but they arrived too late. Within twenty-four hours of her putting to sea the "Huron," as before stated, was a total wreck, and but thirty-four of her crew were saved.

There is one thing noticeable in all these tales of shipwreck and disaster, and that is that wherever the courage and discipline of the American sailor, officer and man has been put to the test he has emerged from it with credit to all concerned.

THE LEGEND OF THE THORNLESS ROSE

ONE summer day a lover brought a rose
To her he loved. "Behold, sweetheart," said he,
"No fairer blossom in the garden grows,
And as this is the flower of love shall be."

She took the blossom, smiling up at him,
But ah! a sharp thorn pierced her tender hand,
And in that moment her sweet eyes grew dim
With pain the man's heart could not understand.

"Dear heart, my love is not like yours," she said,
And kissed the blossom that had wounded her,
Its milk-white petals stained with drops of red,
Yet sweet with fragrances of musk and myrrh.

Years came, and passed away. Her tender heart
Was oftentimes wounded. Many a time it bled,
But with a woman's smile she hid the smart.
"Ah, love, though cruel, still is sweet," she said.

She died, and from her low, green grave there grew
A rose on which there was not any thorn.
Ah! from that heart so tender and so true

The thornless rose, unknown before, was born!
Eben E. Rexford

A GLORIOUS PRIVILEGE

By Henry Holcomb Bennett

BOULGER himself says that it was one of the cleverest tricks he ever heard of; and Boulger, being the victim of it, ought to know. It came when he thought he had the county in his trousers pocket, and the way of it was this.

There was trouble in Pawpawtuck and the Democratic county committee was gathering in Dr. Lavel's office. One by one the members rode up to the front of the weather-beaten, two-storied frame building, tethered their horses to the long rack outside, crossed the creaking floor of the broad porch, nodded to the loungers at the door of the drug-store, ascended the worn old stairway to the porch above and entered the office.

The doctor was pacing the floor impatiently; Major Ashley Cooper sat in one corner in the one arm-chair the office afforded, his rubicund face unusually serious; the Hon. Taylor Brevard smoothed his drooping moustache with one long thin hand and glanced keenly at each new comer; Mr. Peter Anthony sat at a desk, busily engaged with some papers; one or two others sat in the back part of the office, their chairs tilted against the wall. The air of matter-of-fact assurance and buoyant confidence which ordinarily marked the democracy of Pawpawtuck county was absent from the members of the committee; a cloud of impending defeat hung over them, and even the shadow of the coming event was hard to bear, for in Pawpawtuck Democratic success had been a habit ever since the days of reconstruction.

The doctor stopped his uneasy

promenade and seated himself on the extreme edge of a chair. He glanced around the room, nodding his head as though silently counting those present. "Where's Tom Routledge?" he asked.

The major answered: "I don't know. He just got back yesterday evening from one of his little jaybird holidays, flying round down in Savannah and Charleston, I reckon."

One of the men tilted against the wall and laughed. "When I was a boy, over in Alabama, we used to say that on every Friday all the blue-jays went to hell; and that's what we called a 'jay-bird's holiday'. Any connection with Tom's trip, major?"

"I reckon that's the kind of a time he's been having," put in Brevard.

"Oh, I don't know," said the major, "Tom Routledge—"

"That's my name." A bronzed-faced, broad-shouldered young man swung in through the door. "Who's talking about me? How are you, Mr. Brevard? Hello, Anthony. Howdy, gentlemen? Well, Major, go on. What were you going to say about me? No good, I'll be bound."

"Howdy, Tom." the major shook hands and laughed. "I said you were the biggest scalaway in the county, sir. Here you have been running around, having a good time, while we have had to stay at home and bear the heat and burden of the day; and a right heavy burden it is, too."

"Heh! What's that, major? I thought all we had to do was to figure out how big a majority we want."

"Figure out the devil!" said Brevard,

answering for the major. "It's more than we can do to figure out how we are to save ourselves. It is the other side that's figuring on the majority."

Routledge subsided into a chair near the open door and looked hopelessly at the others. "You're joking," he said. "What is it?"

"It's Boulger; that's what it is," replied Brevard. "This man Boulger comes in here and presumes to say how this county shall be run. This low-down carpet-bagger dares to come in here and organize the colored vote against us. He dares to threaten us, sir, actually to threaten us. Talks about force and bribery; arrays the negroes against the whites; puts up a local ticket with himself at the head and a nigger at the tail." Brevard waved his hand oratorically. "That's what Boulger's done, sir. Proposes, by Gad, sir, to handle the taxes that we pay in. Does Boulger pay any taxes? Two dollars a year, sir, on his own bald head! That's what Boulger pays. And yet he comes in here, this man with a celluloid shirt-front, and proposes to handle the money we pay in to the treasury, to spend it on a lot of black scum that we have had to support right along, and that never paid a cent of taxes in their useless lives. It's a damned outrage!"

"Hold on, colonel," said Anthony, as Brevard was about to continue. "This isn't the stump. What Tom wants is plain facts, I reckon." He glanced at Routledge, who nodded affirmatively.

"Well, it's this way, Tom. You know how things have been in this county; no opposition to speak of?" Tom nodded again. "Well, this state registration law did not make much difference, you know, because more than half of the negroes forgot to register, and the rest of 'em didn't care very much about voting, any-

how." He stopped and smiled cheerfully as a general laugh went round the room. "It's different, now. Boulger—you know Boulger, don't you?" Routledge nodded. "Yes, I know him. Sharp fellow."

"That's what he is. Well, he stirs the darkies up until every man-Jack of 'em trots up and registers; and he makes them take care of their certificates, too. No certificate, no vote; so Boulger tells them to hang on to the certificates. Then he goes among them promising that the millenium and the day of jubilee and the promised land will all come at once if his ticket is elected. Don't give them money, or anything that we can get hold of, too sharp for that; but just makes them believe that this is their day of salvation, their one chance to rise up and take control, and the ignorant rascals believe it. They're two to one in Pawpawtuck, and there you are. We're about at the end of our string."

"What's the matter with this?" Routledge spun a silver dollar in the air. "A quarter here and a half there used to make a heap of difference."

"No good, this year," Anthony replied. "Can't touch 'em. You can't buy their certificates for ten dollars apiece; and if we could, we haven't got the money for a wholesale purchase. No use paying them to vote our ticket; you get no assurance that the goods will be delivered; and if we did try money Boulger would get enough evidence to send every man of us to the 'pen'. Boulger's sharp."

"There's been others just as sharp," interjected Brevard, "who have come into this country and who have been glad to sneak home again with their tails between their legs. There's nothing to prevent Mister Boulger leaving the county within twenty-four hours, is there?"

"Oh, you can't scare Boulger," said Anthony. "Boulger's plucky as a cornered coon. Warnings might scare some of Boulger's crowd, but that's not scaring Boulger."

"Well, I never liked the job of pall-bearer," drawled one of the chair-tilters, "but it strikes me that we'll have to do as old A. Ward says—appoint Boulger's funeral and see that the corpse is ready."

"That's the talk. If we can't get rid of him one way we always can another."

"That won't do at all, Brevard," Routledge said sharply. "No, sir," chimed in Anthony, "That won't do. We can't afford that sort of thing."

"What sort of thing?" demanded Brevard. "What do you mean? What have we to do with it if Boulger fell over a cliff? Whose fault would it be if he and his horse got drowned in the hole below Nigger-Head ford? D'you think I mean to ride up to his door and shoot him down, sir?"

"See here, Brevard," said Major Ashley Cooper, "you might as well understand, first as last, that the majority of this committee are gentlemen, sir. Sit still," he said, as Brevard half rose from his chair, "Sit still, I've got the floor." Routledge shifted his seat so as to face Brevard; Anthony drew back from the desk a little; Dr. Lavel nodded approvingly at the major. Brevard sank back into his chair with an attempt at a laugh. "Go on, major, go on. I did not mean to interrupt you, sir. As you say, we are all gentlemen on this committee, of course we are."

"I'm glad you see it that way," said the major dryly. "And as long as you do see it in that light, of course you see that there will be no shot-gun policy in old Pawpawtuck. And there will be no accidents, sir. If there were, it would be our duty to turn out

and hunt for the cause of that accident; and that cause, when found, might proceed on to a very unpleasant second effect. If we all understand that, and I reckon we do, we might as well get down to the business of this meeting."

The others nodded assent; the two chair-tilters dropped their feet to the floor and hitched their chairs nearer to the rest of the group; Anthony sorted over his papers and the committee plunged into the routine work of a campaign. Routledge listened for a few moments; then his attention wandered from the dry details of county politics and he gazed idly out to the dusty street below, where half a dozen boys were playing marbles on the beaten earth of the sidewalk.

A gaudy red and yellow box-wagon came slowly down the street, and halted opposite the office. The boys stopped their game and gathered about the wagon. Three or four loungers from the lower porch got up and joined the boys.

Two men sat on the driver's seat, and, as the wagon stopped, one of these jumped briskly down and walked around to the back of the vehicle. He wore a splashed and grimy blouse and trousers of coarse canvas, and a white canvas cap with lettering across its front. The small boys who stood in his way stepped to one side with respectful haste. He unlocked a door in the back of the wagon-box and pulled out a roll of paper which he threw carelessly on the ground; from the interior of the box he drew out a couple of long-handled brushes, and took a much-splashed bucket from where it swung on a hook beneath the wagon.

Dipping one of the brushes in the bucket he began to slather paste over the side of the high board fence which bordered the street. Spreading

out the roll of paper, he seized a sheet, jabbed his brush into the middle of it, and with a few carelessly dexterous strokes and splashes spread it on the pasted surface of the fence. Other sheets followed, red and blue and green, until the old gray boards blossomed out into a gorgeous display.

Something in the airy carelessness of the brush-wielder caught and held Routledge's attention. He watched him for a moment; then his gaze wandered into vacancy, and he sat, with brows drawn down, staring intently at nothing. Suddenly he drew himself up and whistled softly. Rising, he turned to the others. "I'll be back in a brace of shakes," he said, and hurried from the office.

Down the stairway he ran and across the street, where he spoke briefly and energetically with the driver of the red and yellow wagon. The driver answered him and jerked a dirty thumb in the direction from which the wagon came. Routledge nodded and made a pencilled note on the back of an old letter.

He was smiling broadly as he re-entered the office. "Gentlemen," he said, "You can stop your worrying. I've got the election in Pawpawtuck right under my thumb."

"What's all this? Are you addled, Tom?" was the major's uncomplimentary question.

"Not a bit of it, major, not a bit. Never saner in my life."

"What do you mean?" asked Lavel.

"I mean just what I say. I've got the election under my thumb. I've got a scheme, which, if something most unforeseen don't occur, will carry our ticket through by the usual handsome majority. It will cost us some money, though."

"What's your scheme?" asked Anthony. "And how much will it cost?"

"I'd rather not tell it at present;

the fewer that know it the better, with all due respect to your honor and discretion, gentlemen. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll tell Anthony, because he will handle the funds; and I'll promise this: if the plan should fail and the election not go our way, I'll reimburse all contributors out of my own pocket."

"Well," Lavel said, doubtfully, "that seems fair enough."

"Yes, that seems fair enough," assented Anthony. "What is this scheme of yours going to cost? We may not have enough money."

"I'll have to have some figures first," replied Routledge. "What's the strength of the opposition?"

Anthony referred to a memorandum. "The registration shows three thousand, nine hundred and twenty-six certificates issued. Our vote last time was fifteen sixty-one, and it won't be any more this election, maybe not as much. That makes Boulger's crowd poll twenty-three hundred and sixty-five votes. They'll have a majority of between eight hundred and a thousand, probably nearer a thousand."

"H'm. They'll have about twenty-three hundred, you say?"

"About that, or a little more."

Routledge figured rapidly on the back of his envelope. "Call it a thousand," he said, half aloud. Then turning to the committee: "Give me a thousand dollars, one week before election, and the county's ours. And there'll be no actions for bribery or coercion, either."

"That's like buying a pig in a poke," said Brevard.

Routledge shrugged his shoulders.

"Well," said the major, "We've known your schemes before, Tom, and I reckon we can scare up the money; but how about Boulger all this time?"

"Boulger? Oh, Boulger's going to

find out what others have discovered, that it's uncertain business manipulating the negro vote without a thorough understanding of the negro. Come on, Anthony, I need your help. Excuse us, gentlemen, we'll see you later."

Leaving the rest of the committee looking at each other in doubtful bewilderment, half satisfied, half uncertain, Anthony and Routledge hurried down the street, the latter talking volubly as they went. At first Anthony listened with a puzzled look; then his face broke into a broad smile, and, as Routledge finished, Anthony slapped him on the shoulder. "Good," he said, "Good, by Joe! That will catch them as sure as death and taxes. And I'll guarantee that the committee will be O. K. Go right ahead."

In front of the one inn which the town boasted stood a high yellow cart with red wheels. In the shafts was a ramping big piebald. The owner of the showy equipage stood on the hotel porch; he wore a loud checked suit and was evidently full of business from the top of his shining silk hat down to the toes of his shining patent-leather shoes. When Routledge accosted him he produced a card, a big card, with ornate lettering, and acknowledged the introduction of Anthony with a large air of metropolitan patronage.

Led by Routledge, the three retired to a small room opening from the hotel office. A word to the open-eyed clerk resulted in the appearance of a tall bottle, flanked by three glasses and a small pitcher of water. "To our better acquaintance, gentlemen," said the business-like man with due solemnity; the others bowed a response and the ceremony was concluded.

Routledge did the talking, with a question now and then from the stranger and affirmative nods from Anthony. As the conversation went

on the business-like man began to smile broadly; then he leaned back in his chair and laughed aloud; finally he pounded the table with his fist. "Smart, sir," he exclaimed, "Mighty smart. Oh-h-h-h!" And he lay back in his chair and laughed again. "No disrespect to you, gentlemen, but I didn't think this part of the country was up to such a thing. If it was Ohio, now, or Tammany."

"Will you go into it?" asked Routledge.

"Will we? Well, I should say yes! You can't keep us out with a shot-gun and a bull-dog. Just you leave it to me. I'll work it; and our man will see you when the thing's over." He produced a neat red note-book and figured in it with a long red pencil.

"Do you want a guarantee! A deposit for good faith?"

"Not necessary between gentlemen," replied the business-like man with a flourish. "Not necessary at all; and besides, this is a case where necessity makes our guarantee. There's always the other side, you know. Not that we'll tamper with them," he continued hastily, "but just to let you know how we know that the thing needs no further assurance than your word." He poured a little from the bottle into his glass. "Your health, gentlemen, and here's to success. I must be going. Lots of business on hand, and you've given me more. If I don't see you again, goodbye." He pulled on a pair of yellow gloves as he walked through the office. Throwing a coin to the negro who stood at the piebald's head, he lifted his hat with a flourish, shook the reins, and was off down the street, following the red and yellow wagon, which was disappearing in the distance.

Through all Pawpawtuck went the red and yellow wagon and the red and yellow cart. Wherever one stopped

the other stopped also; and while wayside barns, high fences and the walls of cross-road stores flared out in rainbow colors under the manipulations of the man with the brush, the man in the silk hat attended to business with characteristic energy.

Meanwhile, at the county-seat, the members of the Democratic central committee went quietly about their ordinary business and seemed to take no thought for the political morrow. They held a casual meeting or two, and they chatted politics on street-corners with cohorts from the back townships; but mostly they went about with an air of surprising indifference. Boulger and the men who gathered with him in the back part of Tennant's store did not know what to make of it. The most of them concluded that the Democracy had given up the struggle and were jubilant accordingly; and if, under Boulger's jubilation, there was a vague uneasiness he pooh-poohed it to himself.

The election fell on Tuesday. On the Saturday preceding, very early in the morning, there rolled and rumbled over the dusty roads of Pawpawtuck the gorgeous red and green and yellow vans which bore within them the glories and the mysteries of Van Camp's World-famed Mastodonic Circus and Menagerie. The dingy tents were erected in Major Cooper's field; six-horse teams hauled the vans here and there to their places: grimy men pulled at ropes or spread sawdust in the ring; and half Pawpawtuck gathered to watch the proceedings in an ecstasy of anticipative delight. The other half came to town in time to see the "glittering street-parade at ten o'clock," which of course did not start until noon. The wide-eyed crowd which lined the streets precipitated itself after the rear of the procession to witness the "grand, free perform-

ance" to be given outside the main tent at the conclusion of the parade.

The vast majority of the crowd was black and yellow, with all the intervening shades. All the negroes of Pawpawtuck seemed gathered together; they began coming in from the back districts with women and children, whole families on a rickety buck-board, packed in springless farm-wagons, sitting on rough boards laid across the wagon-box or on old, splint-bottomed chairs, all with broad, white smiles and vociferous greetings for their friends. By ten o'clock the town looked as if not a darky had been left in the country districts; they lined the streets; they filled the fields about the tents; they clung to fence-tops and camped in corners to eat their dinners. When the tent doors were opened they surged about the ticket-wagon, clamoring for tickets; they almost overwhelmed the ticket-takers at the entrance; they filled the animal tent, and the uncomfortable blue seats about the ring in the inner tent were packed from top to bottom with a dusky mass. The little space railed off for "reserved seats, twenty-five cents extra" was the only place where a white man could find a footing. Routledge was there and so was Anthony, and when any of their friends complained to them of the pushing, jostling crowd, they merely smiled and went on. At the night performance the case was the same; if the afternoon crowd had depopulated the back districts, the evening exhibition drew every negro from within a radius of five miles.

Anthony and Routledge were not at the evening performance. They, with the rest of the central committee, occupied the little side room which opened from the hotel office. About nine o'clock there entered a bustling man who carried in one hand an alli-

gator-skin satchel. Routledge and Anthony greeted him warmly.

The bustling man dropped the satchel on the table. "Good evening, gentlemen," he said. "Waiting for me, I see. Well, suppose we get right down to business: I haven't much time to spare. We've followed out the instructions our advance agent received from you."

"The goods are right here." He opened the satchel and tumbled out on the table a number of packages of oblong slips of paper, each package neatly fastened with an elastic band. "You'll find one hundred of 'em in each package except one. I make nineteen hundred and forty-three, afternoon and evening. Count 'em, please. No," he said, as Routledge tapped on the table-top, "No, we don't 'pass' here. I'd rather have you count them. There's no giving receipts in this business, and we'll avoid mistakes if each party does its own counting."

"All right," said Anthony, who had been busy with a roll of bank-notes. "We'll count your goods, and you can go over this. Nineteen forty-three, I think you said. You ought to find this correct, then," and he pushed a pile of bills and silver across the table.

"Nine seventy-one, fifty. O. K.," he answered. "That winds us up. Good business. Hope it'll prove as profitable to you as it has to us. Got to leave you now. We move in an hour. Good night, gentlemen. Hope I'll see you again, some time." And the bustling man, seizing his satchel, hurried from the room.

Major Ashley Cooper broke the momentary silence which followed his departure. "Now, then, Tom," he said, "You and Anthony stop chuckling and tell us what all this means."

"It means," Routledge answered, "that we hold the cards and Boulger's

euchred. Do you see these?" He lifted one of the neat packages and slapped it down on the table. "There are just one thousand, nine hundred and forty-three registration certificates there, and Boulger's out just that many votes on Tuesday. Each and every one of these certificates cost us fifty cents, half a dollar, the price of one admission to the show. Each and every one of those certificates was issued in this county to a darcy, and each one was exchanged at the wagon for a red ticket to the circus. By the time Boulger's on to the game the circus will be the Lord knows where; not one of us has said a word to a darcy, and no one has seen us pay out a cent of money, or has heard us utter a threat. There's not a scratch of a pen anywhere; and these things will be ashes before another half hour.

"Anthony and I fixed it with the advance agent: and I'm bound to say that I never saw a man who got on to a thing quicker or worked it better. You might offer a darcy a handful of money and he'd be afraid to take it; you can argue with him all day and he won't know what you are talking about; but just give him a chance at a circus! That's the irresistible temptation. The spotted clown and the yellow-haired girl with the span-gled skirts get them every time. Nineteen hundred and forty-three voters have chucked away their glorious privilege of franchise to see two mangy lions and a lot of acrobats; and our friend Boulger has got a new light on political values."

The members of the committee looked at each other. Then they filled the glasses that stood on the table. Rising to their feet, they turned toward Routledge, and, as one man, emptied their glasses in a silent health. And this is a true story.

A KNAVE OF CONSCIENCE

By Francis Lynde

SYNOPSIS OF CHAPTERS I. TO XXIX.

Kenneth Griswold, an unsuccessful author with socialistic views, is stranded in New Orleans, robs a bank and, disguised as a roustabout, escapes with his plunder and becomes a member of the crew of the "Belle Julie"—an up-river steamer. Charlotte Farnham, who was in the bank at the time of the robbery, embarks on the same boat, recognizes Griswold and informs the authorities—from whom he escapes, makes an entire change in his appearance and goes to Wahaska, where Miss Farnham lives. Jasper Grierson, a wealthy magnate, has loaned Edward Raymer money with which to extend his Iron Works and notifies him that he must pay a third of his indebtedness on a certain date. Griswold becomes Raymer's partner. Andrew Galbraith, the banker whom Griswold robbed, comes to Wahaska, and Griswold recognizes him. Detective Griffin, on the quest of the bank robber, also comes to Wahaska. The employees of the Iron Works, secretly incited by Grierson, go out on strike. Detective Griffin, left on an island by the drifting away of his boat, is rescued by Griswold. Griffin learns from Miss Farnham of her meeting with Griswold on the "Belle Julie." Griffin foils an attempt of the strikers to burn the Iron Works. Margery demands of her father that he shall help Griswold and Raymer in their trouble. On his refusal to interfere she sets in motion certain influences that bring the strike to an end. Griswold and Miss Farnham go sailing on the lake, and when a squall comes up they see the Grierson launch in danger of capsizing and go to the rescue.

XXX.

IT was fortunate for all concerned that the rescue of the members of the launch party did not hang wholly upon the upcoming of the "Sprite." The distance to be covered was not great, but with a howling gale fairly abeam the cat-boat steered like a sand-flat, and Griswold had his hands full to lay the course and hold to it. Recalling it afterward, he liked to think that it would have been impossible but for Charlotte's help. For a terror-stricken moment she crouched beside him, as helplessly frightened as any woman could be. But at the critical instant she sat up very straight and relieved him of the tiller.

"You manage the sail; I can steer!" she cried; and she did it like a sailor, bracing herself and easing the laboring cat-boat through the seas as skillfully as any skipper of them all.

Yet it was lucky that not all the lives spilled overboard by the capsizing of the launch depended upon the

heroic endeavors of these two in the "Sprite." Other help was at hand, and nearer. The launch was no more than fairly helpless when the flag-boat of the Wahaska Yacht Club rounded the southern point of the island, close-reefed, but driving at railway speed before the squall. Her skipper saw the accident, and was happily a man for an emergency. Moreover, he had a trained yacht's crew aboard, ready to spring to quarters at his yelled command. So it came about that the "Diana" was the first on the scene, and her crew was picking up the shipwrecked ones when the "Sprite" came up head to the wind in the thrashing seas.

Notwithstanding, the "Sprite" had its mission, and for all the quick work of the big sloop's trained crew, one life would have gone out in the smothering billows but for the upcoming of the cat-boat. In all the fierce excitement of the moment it was Charlotte who kept cool, and it was she who caught a glimpse of a white head up-thrust for a moment; of that and of a hand flung out to grasp hopelessly at nothing. In a flash she gave Griswold his cue and jammed the tiller down to utilize the last forging rush of the cat-boat's momentum. The reefed sail had spilled and would draw no more, but the quick sweep of the big rudder sufficed; and Griswold, leaning far over the side, clutched the despairing hand just as it was disappearing.

This was how it came about that an old man whose span of years had well nigh bridged the little rift of Time which lies between the two shores of

Eternity was helped to make that rift a little wider. For all his years, and the fierce struggle in the foam-smother, Andrew Galbraith was yet conscious when Griswold dragged him over the gunwale of the cat-boat; and his first gasped-out word was characteristic of the man.

"I—I told that gandering loon of an ingineer he'd lose Mr. Grierson's boat, and he's done it the noo! And I's warrant she cost a pretty penny, too."

With the lake still lashed into fury by the squall which was now spending itself in spiteful catspaws, Griswold had his hands full with the "Sprite;" and yet in all the distraction of it he saw the shadow of a smile in Charlotte's eyes and found time to answer it. Found time for this, and for the thought which welled up in sudden ecstasy at this little lover's proof of the consanguinity of kindred souls. But after that he became the cool and intrepid sailor-man again.

Taking the tiller, he let the cat-boat fall off until he could speak the yacht.

"Sloop ahoy!" he called; "have you got them all?"

"All but one," was the answer blown back on the gale.

"All right; we have that one," shouted Griswold; and at the word the two boats shot apart, each to make its laboring way toward the Wahaskan haven.

Andrew Galbraith was silent on the short run before the gale to the pier-head at the foot of Main street. For one thing, he was not a man of many words; and for another he was chilled through and thoroughly uncomfortable.

None the less, he made shift to thank his rescuers in fitting phrase at the point of debarkation, and to intimate, as a gentleman might, that his gratitude would wait upon a fitting opportunity to take a more substantial

form. Charlotte offered to walk home that Griswold might see Mr. Galbraith safe to his hotel, but this the old man would by no means permit.

"Na, na," he said, relapsing, as he did now and then, into the Scottish mother-tongue. "I'm wet as any drowned rat, but I'm no that badly fashed. Take the leddy home, Mr. Griswold and do you two be seeing after yourselves. You're as wet as I am."

Accordingly, Griswold accompanied Charlotte to her own gate, and then went home to change his clothes. Just what he meant to do afterward was not very clearly defined, but during the changing interval he made up his mind with sudden determination. Whatever should come of it, the thing for which all other things must wait must be said. He had reached the parting of the ways; he knew, as he might have known from the moment of love-awakening on the "Belle Julie," that life without Charlotte to share it with him would henceforth be no more than a shadow of the real.

He had a good excuse for going straight away back to Doctor Farnham's. The very least he could do would be to call and ask if she had come through the adventure with no worse consequence than a shock and a wetting. And yet, when he had let himself out of Mrs. Holcomb's gate, he did not go directly to the house on the lake's edge. Instead, he made a long detour, walking aimlessly and deeply buried in thought. This thing which he was about to do was not to be done lightly. So far from it, the more he pondered over it the more he realized that it was likely to prove the turning point in his life. Now, that he gave himself the backward glance which he had steadily refused

since the morning of the Bayou Bank incident to take, he saw that he had been living tentatively; passing from day to day as one who waits upon the event of the day; looking neither backward nor forward. Though he had worked faithfully, doing the thing that lay next to his hand, he knew now that his work, on his book or in the office with Raymer, had been purely extrinsic to any well-considered future. But now the future demanded thoughtful consideration—would have it whether or no; and, as was inevitable, the past colored every forecasting picture.

For one thing, he had come to that stone of stumbling which he had foreseen in his earliest imaginings touching his future relations with Charlotte. Without being unduly besotted, the hope that he should not plead with her in vain was almost an assurance. If he could gain his own consent to let the past lie buried in oblivion, the vista of the future opened out before him with all the barriers to happiness brushed aside. And yet, try as he might to resolve to hold his peace touching the past, he could not bring himself to the point of taking her conscience unawares. He was far enough from realizing that his own conscience was interposing this obstacle. He thought, when he allowed himself to think in that direction, that he had settled the conscientious scruples for himself once and for all. Nevertheless, there had been moments, brief, fleeting moments, for the most part, when he would have given the reversion of years of life to be as he had been before the pistol-drawing incident in Andrew Galbraith's private office. But these little upflashes of remorse had been but match-flares, going out in a sudden whiff of the wind of finality. For the thing was done irrevocably and could never be undone.

In the aimless detour which led him from street to street and finally into a road that brought him out upon the lake front far from town, these things all came up for a hearing, and he gave them room patiently, as a judge hears a plea which he knows well that he must disregard. The storm was over, and the sun was setting in all the glory of the broken cloud rack in the west. Griswold had the artist's eye for nature's grandeur, and at another time the sunset would have held him spellbound. But now he plodded along with hands behind him and his head down, seeing nothing but the all too clear vista of the past, and that other vista of the future which had but now become a valley of shadows.

So plodding along the lake drive he came at length to the boundaries of Jasper Grierson's domain; and almost before he knew it he was climbing the path to Mereside. At the very veranda steps he came alive to some sense of what he was about to do, and would have stopped to weigh the consequences—to turn back, it may be. But a trim little figure slipped from a hammock at the corner of the veranda, and Margery came to meet him.

"I'm so glad," she said, standing at the steps to give him both her hands in welcome. "I did so hope you would come."

XXXI.

However much or little Griswold ever meant to say to Margery Grierson on any of his visits to Mereside, she never suffered him to follow out any programme of his own. She did not do it now; and when he would have spoken about the loss of the launch and her own narrow escape from drowning, she turned him aside with a word.

"It was an accident, and accidents are always happening," she said lightly. "Nobody was drowned, and

I hope nobody will be silly enough to take cold. That wasn't why I was hoping you would come."

"No?" he said, following her as she led the way to a wicker tête-a-tête in the hammock corner.

"No. Sit down and be prepared to give me what I have never had: a good, sound flogging of advice—a cool-headed man's advice. You'll do it if I can make you understand how much I need it."

His smile was self-depreciative. "You have hit upon the worst possible man, I fear. I'm more in need of counsel myself than able to give it."

She regarded him with a curious little smile twitching at the corners of her piquant mouth. "Are there two of us?" she asked.

He saw beyond and behind the smile; saw troubled depths in the bright eyes, and was suddenly moved to pity, though why she should be pitied he could not guess. The pity was the first step on the way to other things, but this he did not suspect. He was conscious only of a certain pleasure in her nearness; flattered a little, too, as any man would be, by her implied promise to take help from him.

"I can't imagine your leaning on anyone," he said. "But if a broken reed will serve your purpose—"

"Hush!" she commanded. "That is conventional cant, and you know it. You are not living up to your pose here in Wahaska. You may think you are, but you are not."

"I don't know why you should say that."

"If I couldn't say it I shouldn't be asking your advice," she retorted. "Not many people here know the real Kenneth Griswold, but I think I do."

Griswold smiled. "Describe him to me and I may tell you if you are right."

There was a little pause, and though

she was looking past him there was a certain raptness in her eyes that was new to him.

"He is a very ruthless man at heart," she said, speaking slowly; "hard and unbending, and terribly self-centered, but with eyes that see through all shams but his own. He thinks thoughts and would do deeds that would shock conventionality into a state of coma; and yet conventionality is his god. Am I right?"

Griswold took time to think about it. "Perhaps you are," he said at length.

"I am going to assume it," she went on, "and ask him—the real Kenneth Griswold, you know—to lend me those hard, un pitying, all-seeing eyes of his. May I?"

"If I say 'yes' it is without prejudice to the right of protest."

She waved the condition aside in a quick little gesture of impatience, and what she said seemed altogether irrelevant.

"In your opinion, Mr. Griswold, how far may a father go in demanding the loyalty of his child?"

The question was so totally unexpected that Griswold had once more to take time to think about it.

"If you mean in the ethical field, I should say his right stops this side of wrong-doing."

"Thank you. Now supposing that the father of a young woman pressed his demands beyond that point; would she be justified in open rebellion?"

"In refusing, to be sure."

"No, but in rebellion—in open reprisals, I mean?"

"I don't know; possibly the circumstances in some particular case might justify open rebellion. But I can hardly conceive the conditions."

"Can't you? Let me see if I can suppose them for you. Picture to yourself an unhappy marriage—the un-

happiest of all in a world of unhappy marriages. Let the blame of it lie where it may fall, on either side, but remember that the man was brutal and the woman was weak. Suppose there was a child, who, instead of being a bond between them was a bone of contention. Do you follow me?"

"Perfectly."

She was looking past him again, and there was a certain quality of hardness in her voice that spoke of unsuspected depths of bitterness. Yet she went on steadily.

"Suppose when this child grew up she was compelled to choose between the mother who needed her and the father who could gratify her ambitions. Suppose, if you can, that she made some sort of a compromise with the little speck of conscience she had and went with the father who, if he was brutal was also strong."

She paused again; and he said: "Well?"

"I—I'm afraid I am boring you." The eyes were downcast now.

"No, you are not. Go on."

"Well, let us say that after a time, this girl, who had some of her father's hardness and some of her mother's weakness, came to see that she had taken the winning side merely because it was the winning side; that she was helping her father to become harder and more pitiless than ever; that she was really helping him to—to ruin other people who couldn't fight as well. Then you are to imagine, if you find it possible, that her speck of a conscience rose up in rebellion; that the father tried to bribe her to be loyal, and that she took the bribe and afterward went about deliberately to upset all his plans for ruin—for getting the best of other people. Don't you think such a young woman would be an object of contempt to any really good man?"

There was not any of the hardness with which she had dowered him in her description in the eyes that met hers. In the room of it there was something she did not understand.

"It would depend somewhat upon the man," he said, slowly; "and much more upon a thing quite extrinsic to all these conditions you have been supposing for me."

"Yes?" she said; and she could no longer meet his gaze fairly.

"Yes. If the man, knowing all these hard conditions, still loves you, Margery—"

She interrupted him with a sudden fierce energy. "Oh, but he *couldn't*, Mr. Griswold, indeed, he couldn't!"

Her hand was on the low dividing rail of the tête-à-tête, and he covered it with his own.

"The man loves you with all his heart, Margery, and will always love you, no matter what you tell him about yourself or your past."

"Oh, Kenneth!—may I call you Kenneth?—If I could only be sure of that!"

"You may be sure of it, now and always. But—but Margery, dear, you must cherish that speck of a conscience, for I happen to know that this mythical man sets great store by conscience—will be very unhappy if it is lacking in the woman he loves."

She was standing before him now, and her eyes were alight from within. But what she would have said is not to be here written down. For at that moment there was a heavy step on the gravel and some one came to interrupt. It was Andrew Galbraith, calling with old-school punctilio to see if his hostess had suffered in the accident on the lake.

XXXII.

When Griswold took his leave of Miss Grierson, which he did as soon as he could after Mr. Galbraith's coming,

he did not go to Doctor Farnham's. On the contrary, he went to his room at Mrs. Holbrook's, and spent the hour before dinner tramping up and down with his hands behind him and with a sharper trouble than he had ever known gnawing ruthlessly at his peace of mind.

All through the talk with Margery and up to the very instant of interruption he had made sure that her thinly veiled hypothesis revolved about one Edward Raymer. But at the last moment this conviction had trembled upon its pedestal and tottered to its fall. He thought he had come to know Margery pretty well—well enough to be sure that she would not misunderstand anything that he might have said. But when he came to weigh those sayings of his in the light of a possible misconstruction he was moved to grind his teeth in a very manly agony of shame.

He had neither weighed nor measured them at the time—being so sure that Raymer was the man; but in that last little outburst of hers there was room for a most disquieting doubt; and since a man may be a knave of conscience and still be a gentleman, Griswold despised himself very heartily after the fact, going so far as to question his right to go to Charlotte until after this terrible doubt was drawn and quartered and decently buried out of sight and beyond the possibility of a resurrection.

It was during this ante-dinner interval of self-recrimination on Griswold's part, that two men met behind a closed door in a first-floor chamber of a summer hotel on the Point. One of them was Mr. Andrew Galbraith, but now returned from his call on Miss Grierson. The other was a shrewd-faced man as yet in the prime of life; a man with a square jaw and thin lips and ferretty eyes. Mr. Galbraith held a cigar be-

tween his fingers, but it had gone out. The other was smoking a Regalia and its subtle fragrance filled the room.

"You think you are sure of your man, this time, are you, Griffin?" said the banker.

The detective blew a smoke cloud toward the ceiling and nodded slowly. "There isn't a shadow of doubt about his identity, now."

"Then, pardon me, Mr. Griffin, why do you come to me. Why don't you make your arrest and take the man to New Orleans? I'll be there to appear against him at the fall term of court."

"I don't rightly know why I have come to you." The detective's reply was as hesitant as his nod had been. "I've put the irons on some queer customers in my time, and I don't know as I ever hung back till now. But this fellow—"

"State your case," said the banker, briefly. "I can't conceive of anything which would come between you and your sworn duty."

"That's it; that's just it. Neither could I. But something has come between, this trip. First off, I got to know the fellow pretty well before I found out who he was, and—well, he sort of captured me, as you might say. He wasn't anybody's hold-up; he was just a nice, square, clean-cut gentleman, all open and above-board. Pretty soon after that, he did me a considerable of a good turn—took some trouble to do it. About that time I began to suspect who he was, and not to be owing him when it came to the handcuff act, I tried to even up on that good turn of his. That's where I fell down. Instead of squaring the thing I got in deeper, and the cool-headed beggar saved my life, out and out. Now that's my hot-box, Mr. Galbraith. What would you do if the fellow saved your life?"

Andrew Galbraith answered off-

hand, as a man will when the supposition is only an hypothesis which can by no means be transmuted into facts personal.

"I should do my duty, of course. This would be an uncanny world to live in, Mr. Griffin, if we let personal considerations stand in the way of plain duty."

The detective rose and found his hat.

"I don't know," he said. "Them little things have bothered me, sometimes. Good-evening, Mr. Galbraith." And with that he left the closed room and the hotel and took his way toward, walking slowly, but steadily, as a man who has made up his mind to do a thing of moment, taking the consequence as a man may.

As for the banker, he threw away the extinct cigar—a bit of wastefulness so inharmonious with his character as to be in itself a mark of unusual perturbation—and went out to see if dinner were ready. It was not; and so he strolled on to the veranda, reaching it just as Doctor Farnham

was handing himself into a buggy with a young lady. Andrew Galbraith looked again and recognized in the young woman who was holding the reins one of his late rescuers. Whereupon he descended the steps to speak to her. Since the Doctor was the house physician, the banker had met him; but this was his first intimation that Griswold's companion was Miss Farnham.

Thereupon followed the introduction in due form, with encomium enough on the part of the rescued one to make Charlotte blush, and the good Doctor's eyes to grow conspicuously dim with fatherly pride.

"We must know more of you, Mr. Galbraith," he said hospitably. "Can you save us to-morrow evening and come to a quiet little family dinner?"

Andrew Galbraith said he would be delighted; and so they parted.

But many things were scheduled to come between the invitation and the quiet little family dinner at Lake Lodge.

(To be continued)

UNREST

UNREST is but the travail of a nobler birth.
The torturing pains that rend asunder
Heart and brain,
Bring only larger growth, and wider scope,
In realms where mind and character may
Rule and reign.

'Tis in the darker hours we learn to love
The light, our heart throbs quicken at
Its faintest gleam;
Always the faith within us struggles hard
To keep aglow, until the dawn shall cheer us
With its blessed beam.

F. W. Toedt

THE ROMANCE OF A TURKEY

By Mary Foote Arnold

A T a little before six the kitchen door opened to admit Bridget; behind her came Patrick, wearing his best black coat and a sheepish expression. Scarcely had Bridget crossed the threshold, however, than she stood transfixed with horror; she pointed tragically toward the table, and emitted a sound that would have done credit to the traditional banshee. For there lay the object of her solicitude, the turkey, bereft of frills and feathers to be sure, but stiff and cold, its wings drooping, its legs sticking out aggressively, and its long neck curled rakishly to one side. The pan of stuffing was there and so were salt, pepper, flour and butter, while a large needle threaded with twine lay ready for use; but the fire was out, and Milly, in whom she had placed her faith, was nowhere to be seen.

Bridget tore off her bonnet and cast it from her; likewise her shawl; then she fell upon that turkey like mad.

"'Twas ye'er fulishness as brung me t' this; it makes me blud bile, it does," she said, speaking to nobody in particular.

Patrick fled to the pantry, shutting the door behind him. Reflection, however, brought him to a realization of the fact that if he were ever going to assert himself now was the time. In a suspiciously shaky voice he said from behind the slide:

"It takes two f'r that kind iv fulishness, an' don't ye furgit it."

Bridget mixed the stuffing vigorously and tossed her head. And then Milly, second maid in the Howard household, burst into the room, scatter-

ing packages to the right and left of her as she sank, breathless, into a chair. Her cloak and hat were powdered with snow, her eyes were bright with excitement, and a spot of red burned on either cheek.

"Oh!" she cried ecstatically, "ain't it splendid! They are all in the parlor—Miss Kate, the colonel, and the kid!"

Bridget bestowed an energetic thrust on the turkey, then demanded:

"An what have ye got t' say f'r yer-silf?"

"Oh, Bridget, I forgot all about the turkey, honest to gracious I did!"

"Thin all I c'n say is that if iver th' loike occurs again, ye'er gyuse'll be cooked or me name ain't Bridget O'Hallerran."

"No more is it that same at this pris-int toime," came in doleful accents from near by.

For once Milly did not see what was going on under her very nose; weightier matters occupied her mind. "Bridget, let me tell you about it. I was just going to stuff the turkey when the door bell rang. It was a messenger with a note for Miss Kate from Mr. Philip. I found her in the parlor all together in a chair, her chin on her hand and her pretty forehead frownin', poor dear! She didn't hear me at first, but when I give her the note she read it kind of languid like, then says: 'My brother will not be home to dinner this evening; tell cook.' With that she la'd her head back, shut her eyes, and—"

"What has that got t' do wid ye'er a-neglectin' iv ye'er dooty an' not

a-roastin' iv th' turkey?" interrupted Bridget sternly.

"I'm comin' to that," said Milly. "Of course my first thought was for it, because I had promised you and I knows how anxious you was; but before goin' back to the kitchen I went to the window to pull the shade down a little. Outside it was snowin' like everything, and as I put my hand up to the shade, there passed on the sidewalk below me, one of the handsomest gentlemen I ever see; under his overcoat I could see his uniform all gold buttons and everything; and with him was a cunning little kid. As they passed, the gentleman looked up at the window like he half expected to see somebody, but when he saw only me he turned away quick."

"I shud have thought ye'er arm wud have bin most paralyzed wid a-holdin' up iv th' shade so long," insinuated Bridget.

"I was startin' for the kitchen," continued Milly, "when the bell rang again. I was that flustered I could hardly open the door, for I thought it was that gentleman, honest Injun, I did! But it was only Mrs. Gray's man with a box of flowers for Miss Kate. But while I stood there receivin' the box and the message, along come the gentleman and the little boy again. They walked straight by without lookin' in; that's to say the gentleman did, but the kid looked up and waved his little hand. Well, I took the flowers in to Miss Kate, who said: 'Just put them down anywhere, Milly.' She looked so lonely and forlorn that I could hardly help from bustin' out cryin'.

"'Shan't I put some of them on the dinner table for you, Miss Kate?' I asked.

"'No,' she said in that patient way of hers that makes one feel so all-overish; 'no, it isn't worth while just for

me.' Of course there was nothin' for me to do, but to go away and leave her to her own sad thoughts, poor thing!"

"Which ye did, I suppose, an' come back t' ye'er proper business an' stuffed th' turk?"

"I was just goin' to, Bridget, honest I was; but first I peeped out of the hall window again to see if the military gentleman was anywheres in sight; and would you believe it, there he was again, walking slowly and lookin' in the parlor window! I forgot the turkey from that minute; anybody would."

"An' it a-lyin' stiff an' cold, too!"

"I just stayed behind the curtains and watched; the gentleman and the little boy walked back and forth, back and forth, in front of this house, *seventeen times!* I hope to die if they didn't!"

"They ain't no need iv blasphem'in' 'bout it if they did," remarked Bridget.

"And once the gentleman held the boy up so he could look right in at Miss Kate. And after that they stopped goin' by, and I began to wonder what would happen next; and to sort of pass the time I went into the parlor and fixed the fire, so that—"

"Instid iv doin' ye'r dooty an' a-puttin' this pur crayture inter th' oven," groaned Bridget, suiting the action to the word.

"Then what did that bell do but ring again! And when I opened it there stood the kid all covered with snow, his brown eyes shinin' like stars, and his cheeks as red as roses. (Goodness knows, he'd had enough exercise to get up a color, if that was his pa's idea, though I found out afterwards it wasn't.)

"Well, he never noticed me no more than if I'd been a post, but marched straight into the parlor and up to Miss Kate as bold as you please. He looked

into her face smilin' like them angels in the madonna picture over the mantle, and says:

"Is oo my darlin' Kate?"

"Miss Kate looked down at him sort of surprised. 'What did you say?' she asked.

"My papa call oo 'My darling Kate;' but he won't let Harold come see oo, so Harold wunned away and comed by heself."

"Tell me your name, little one," said Miss Kate, kinda out of breath.

"Harold Whitney Overton," said he, proud as a peacock.

"With that Miss Kate took him in her arms and kissed him. 'Where is your papa, Harold?' she asked.

"Out there," answered Harold, pointing out of the window.

"Then what did Miss Kate do but take the kid by the hand and go into the street, all bareheaded as she was, with the snow fallin' faster and faster every minute. I watched them from the step; and just at the corner came Harold's papa, walkin' fast and lookin around, anxious like. You see he had missed the kid and was hunting him. and when he saw the two comin', hand in hand, he stopped perfectly still. And when she got to him he put his arms around her sort of quiet like (luckily there wasn't anybody going by, though 'twouldn't have made no difference to them if there had of been, they was that took up 'th each other), and he said something that I couldn't hear. Then they all came into the house and went into the parlor; and they talked and talked and *talked*."

"It's a wonder ye didn't jine in th' conversation, seein' how int'rested ye wuz," put in Bridget drily.

"I didn't go in, of course, but it was beyond me not to listen; you'd a done it yourself, Bridget. I just got behind the curtains in the hall and heard everything."

"I'll warrant ye did; an' what did they say?"

"It seems they've been in love always—"

"Poof!" sniffed Bridget.

"You don't know anything about love," retorted Milly.

"No more ye don't, an' that's a fack; ye haven't l'arned th' fust principles iv th' science, to my thinkin'," came in a melancholy voice from behind the slide.

Bridget shuffled her feet and looked bridled; but Milly was intent on her story.

"They was in love ever so long ago, anyway, but there was foul play somewhere, and a girl named Amy was at the bottom of it. I couldn't make out just how it happened, but Miss Kate and the colonel (he's a colonel, did I tell you?) had a quarrel, and the colonel thinking that Miss Kate didn't love him any more, rushed off blindly and married Amy."

"Loike th' sinseless idjit that he was!" exploded Bridget.

"And it was all Amy's fault, for she carried tales from one to the other; she confessed the whole thing to the colonel on her death bed three years afterwards. But they have both forgiven her now.

"And it has all turned out just like it does in stories and never does in real life."

Milly paused for breath and Bridget peeped into the oven; the turkey was beginning to sizzle. Then Bridget turned expectantly for more story.

"And since his wife died the colonel has been fighting in the wars and the kid has been with the colonel's sister. But now he is home on leave, and this afternoon he was on his way to see Miss Kate and ask her forgiveness. But when he got to the house his heart failed him; he was afraid that Miss Kate might have changed, or

that she wouldn't understand. (He didn't know *her*!) And so he walked up and down in front of the house tryin' to make up his mind to come in. And once he held the boy up so's he could see Miss Kate sittin' in the firelight, and said to him there was his darling Kate, or somethin' like that. You see he was so well nigh distracted that he just had to say something to somebody; and it's lucky he said it to the kid, for when the colonel got lost in his sad thoughts again, the youngster slipped away and rang the bell.

"Miss Kate knew the colonel was in town and was hoping he'd come, but couldn't be sure. That was why she wouldn't go to the house party with the rest of the folks, and moped around so. And, oh Bridget, I wish you could have seen them together! There sat the colonel in the big red chair, the firelight shinin' on his uniform, with just enough gray in his moustache to give him a grand look; and there was Miss Kate on a stool close beside him, her hand holdin' his; and here come the boy climbin' up on the other arm (he'd been at the window watchin' the first snow fall of the winter, while they talked, bless the kid!)"

"It's a pity ye cudden't have perched on th' back iv th' chair," snickered Bridget.

Milly laughed too, and continued: "Well, while I stood there takin' it all in, up jumped Miss Kate and run into the hall, bumpin' into me before I knew it. I thought my time had come, sure. But Miss Kate only said: 'Oh, here you are Milly!' Then she pulled me out of hearing of the others and pushed a lot of silver and bills into my hands. 'Here, and here, and here,' says she. 'Run to the grocery as fast as you can and get the finest Thanksgiving dinner there is to be

bought. On your way back get drums and horns and guns and knives and horses; everything a boy would like. And have them sent up at once.' With that she opened the front door and gave me a little push. 'Now, fly!' And I flew; but first I went around to the back door to get my things and though the turkey must have been there on the table, I didn't see it, honest I didn't, Bridget!"

"So I've bin tould; but niver moind," said Bridget relently.

"And I spent every cent of the money."

"I c'n well belave that."

"And when I got back I could see them through the window. Miss Kate had a big red rose in her hair and the colonel had one in his button hole; and there was holly and flowers over the Madonna on the mantel and in the windows. I'm goin' to put a lot of chrysanthemums on the dinner table, and when the rest of the things come I'm goin' to play with the kid! There they are now!"

The door bell rang, and Milly, running to answer it, collided with Patrick, as he emerged from the pantry intent on the same errand. His manner struck her as unusual. He seemed bursting with importance, and his expression betokened a heart too full for utterance. Milly glanced from Patrick to Bridget and from Bridget back to Patrick. Could it be that fat Bridget could blush? And then Milly kn^{ew}.

How things *were* happening!

"How did you find your sister and Tim and the children this afternoon, Bridget?" she asked knowingly.

Bridget was basting the turkey; she mumbled something.

"And Patrick, I hope your grandmother's rheumatism is better than you thought it would be when you started out?"

"She was well's cud be expected, mum," answered Patrick in his best.

"I supposed they all witnessed the ceremony?"

"They did, mum, fer a fack."

When Milly had gone to answer the bell Bridget continued on her knees looking into the oven at the turkey. A delicate brown had formed on its breast and an appetizing odor filled the kitchen.

"If they'll kape on makin' love a bit longer it'll be done afther all," she mused.

"An' while they're makin' love in th' parlor, what's t' hinder a little love makin' in th' kitchen?" said a soft Irish voice at her elbow."

"G'long, now, wid ye'er nonsense," said Bridget. "Ye and the toorkey have both cause fur proper thanks the day. Ain't I warmed the heart ave both ave ye?"

"An Oime lookin' for'ard to *beatin'* me thanks wid de drum stick," replied Patrick, while a child's voice was heard outside the door calling "I smell turkey."

NEW ENGLAND HILLS

NEW England hills—New England hills—
The rhythmic rune of the rippling rills;
The bending boughs where the breeze blows soft,
And the bubbling throats of the birds aloft—
The green of the grass on the gentle slope,
The nooks where the vagrant sunbeams grope
In the midst of the shadows that thickly lie
At the feet of the forest, spreading nigh.

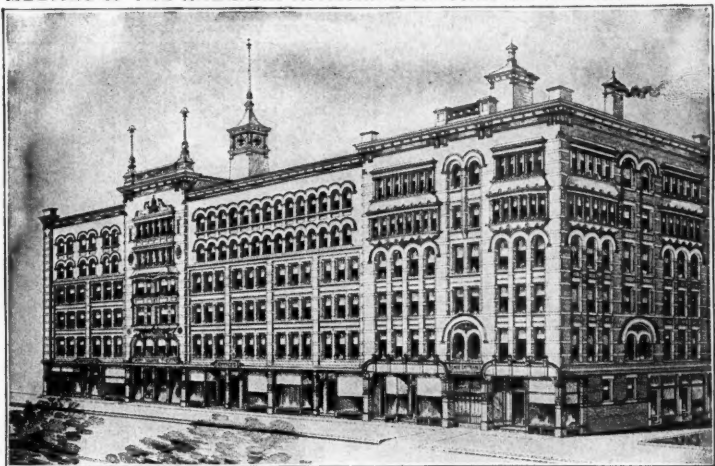
New England hills—New England hills—
The plaintive note of the whip-poor-wills
Sounding afar when the day is dead
And the darkening veil of the dusk is spread;
The hoot of the owl in his cloister hid,
The chirpings of cricket and katydid—
The song of the frogs—while the night birds fly —
And a golden moon in a studded sky.

New England hills—New England hills—
The pulse that leaps and the heart that thrills
At sight of a beauty that God hath lent
For the pride of a conquering continent!
Garbed with a grace that will live for aye
And charm when the eyes that see to-day
Have been ages closed—and the dust of now
Rests in graves forgot on the hillside's brow.

New England hills—New England hills—
The heart that swells and the eye that fills
With a misty blinding of unshed tears
At a golden vision of olden years!
Scattered like chaff o'er the teeming earth,
Yet the hearts of thy exiles know thy worth—
And the lonely wanderer's memory teems
With the ghosts of the Past's renewing dreams.

Olin L. Lyman

COURT SQUARE THEATRE, SPRINGFIELD, MASS., WHERE THE 54TH ANNUAL MEETING OF THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION WAS HELD



THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION

By Charles J. Ryder

THE fifty-fourth annual meeting of the American Missionary Association, held in Court Square Theatre, Springfield, Mass., on October 23-25 inclusive, was of especial interest, significance and importance. Indeed the work of few societies is so peculiar, picturesque and interesting as that presented in the field of this association.

The field now actually occupied by the schools, churches and missions of this association reaches from Porto Rico to Alaska and from Savannah to San Francisco. From southeast to northwest the region along which these missions stand as lighthouses is nearly eight thousand miles. From the warm regions of the tropics where luxuriant fruit grows throughout the whole year, far away to the extreme north where

rigorous winter holds the country bound in ice through many months stretches the field occupied by the association.

The peculiarities of the people represented in this field are as great as those of climate. In its schools and missions there were represented last year eleven different races. Among these were descendants of Africans, Mongolians, Anglo-Saxons, Indians and Eskimos. Here are the Porto Ricans, nearly a million of them, just coming out of four hundred years of great depression under the rule of Spain. These people need especially to be taught that which shall prepare them for the responsibilities of American citizenship. To this island the association therefore sends its missionaries, occupying regions largely un-

reached by other organizations and establishing work that will mean great things in the future.

Great care was taken in planting

REV. FRANKLIN A. NOBLE, D.D., PRESIDENT OF
THE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION



the schools in this island not to interfere with the work of any other organization and not to duplicate that which was being done by others. Two schools were opened, one at the north and one in the heart of the island, and the first year's enrollment was about three hundred interesting Porto Rican children. A general missionary occupied preaching stations in the east of the island, reaching a population of something like 75,000 people, among whom there was no other Protestant missionary. When we remember that 85 per cent. of the total population of this island are unable to read and write in any language, the importance of the educational work is emphasized. The "shack people," as

they are called, representing the humbler and poorer class, are welcomed to these mission schools. American patriotism has received its emphasis

CHARLES A. HULL, CHAIRMAN EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE AMERICAN MISSIONARY ASSOCIATION



in the work of these schools. Washington and Lincoln Memorial Days were observed by the pupils, and special attention was given to the lives and work of these two great Americans. The children of the school joined in singing "My Country 'Tis of Thee," perhaps the first time this patriotic American

song was sung by the children of Porto Rico in any gathering of this kind.

Industrial training both for boys and girls is to be an important feature of the work among the people of this island and promises to result in great good.

The largest volume of work is done among the negroes in the South. Here there are nearly ten million of people passing through a transition period and needing especially the wise

DAVID FLYINGHAWK, CHAIRMAN LOOKOUT COMMITTEE, SANTEE ENDEAVOR SOCIETY

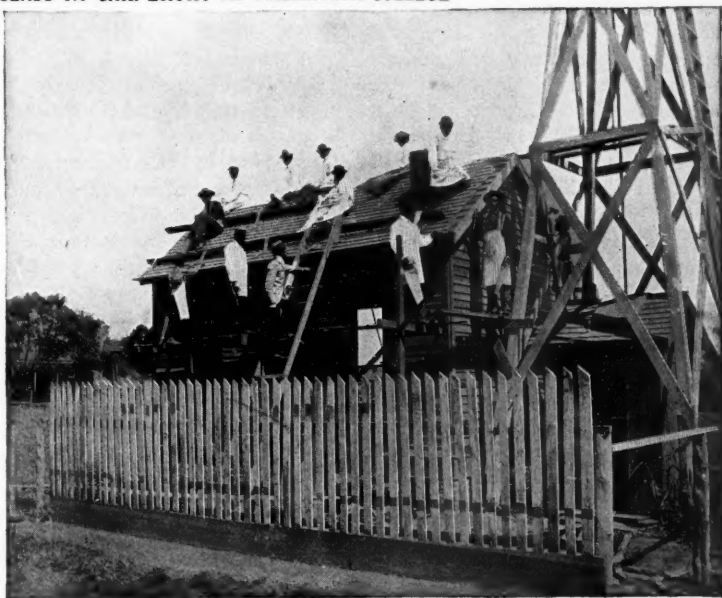


and sympathetic help of their white fellow citizens. Institutions presenting a complete college curriculum have been established. Not a large percentage of the colored students complete a college education. These institutions have normal and lower grades of instruction, so as to furnish the education which the majority need. Many of them have industrial departments. The higher college training, however,

the Negroes are Fisk University, Nashville, Tenn.; Straight University, New Orleans, La.; Talladega College, Talladega, Ala.; Tougaloo University, Tougaloo, Miss.; Tillotson College, Austin, Texas. In addition to these institutions more than sixty normal, graded and common schools are sustained among the colored people of the South.

Churches are also planted at impor-

CLASS IN CARPENTRY AT TALLADEGA COLLEGE



is essential to the development of the strongest manhood and womanhood among this people, and can not be neglected if the best results are secured. The men and women who come from these institutions occupy prominent positions among the leaders of their people. Some of them have taken post graduate courses in northern institutions and have held a high rank among their white fellow students. The five higher institutions sustained by this association among

tant points and well educated, earnest ministers are proving to be useful leaders of their people. High ethical standards, intelligent presentation of the gospel, decent and orderly worship characterize these churches.

Unique and original methods were necessary to reach the peoples in these fields. Industrial training was first introduced by this association among the Negroes. Talladega College in Alabama, a school early planted by this organization, was the first school

in the South to adopt a systematic course of manual training. Hampton Institute, then under the general care of the association, followed shortly afterward. During these years industrial instruction has been an important feature of the work in the schools of the American Missionary Association throughout the South and West.

Tougaloo University, in the heart of Mississippi, furnishes excellent industrial training for the Negroes. Here 500 acres of land are cultivated by the students. Shops in which many departments of industry are taught stand on the grounds. Pupils receive a thorough training in the trades if they develop ability in any special line. They go out prepared for their life work in heart, head and hand, and are meeting the responsibilities upon them with marked success.

Among the Indians industrial instruction was also early introduced. At Santee Normal Training School, Santee, Nebraska, careful instruction in agriculture, blacksmithing, carpentering, printing and other departments of similar training are pursued. The printing press in this school has proved of great value. A New York printer

who examined some of the work done by the Indian boys testified that it was "as good as any office in New York could do." Job printing is done in this school for surrounding white business men and farmers and so brings some income to the school.

In Alaska, among the Eskimo, a herd of reindeer provided by the government is under the care of the missionary who directs the work in this field. These reindeer furnish food, transportation and clothing for the Eskimo. The heroic efforts of the missionary of this association, Mr. W. T. Lopp, in rescuing the crews of seven whale ships ice-bound in the northern sea is a matter of well known history. A large herd of reindeer were driven with great speed more than 500 miles by this heroic man over the ice floes and snow fields and in face of bitter cold to bring relief to these imprisoned men. The act of the United States government in commending Mr. Lopp for this splendid effort was thoroughly merited and was a practical comment upon the sound and wise methods of modern missionary work carried on among the Eskimo.

Industries for the girls are also im-

CHEYENNE AND ARAPAHOE INDIANS ON THE ROAD



portant departments of instruction in these schools. In some schools this work is so graded that when a girl has completed her education she is quali-

any agitation with regard to movements of this kind was known, the association established work of this nature throughout the South. In-

CLASS IN COOKERY AT TALLADEGA COLLEGE



fied for some branch of work as seamstress and dressmaker, or as a milliner. Kitchen gardening, care of the fruit, cooking and nursing are taught the girls in many of these institutions. Among the Highlanders industrial training is also a prominent feature of instruction.

Industrial work in behalf of the colored people originated with the American Missionary Association. President Booker T. Washington, who has emphasized it, is a graduate of Hampton Institute, and Hampton was founded by the association. The college or social settlement also was early introduced by the American Missionary Association in the prosecution of its work. Before even the terms of sociology were cast or scarcely

deed, almost every mission was a college settlement. The teachers entered into the life of the people. Teachers' homes were built in the very heart of the neediest sections of the city or in the great black belt of the South or amid the tepees of the Indians in the West or the Chinese of the Pacific slope.

In San Francisco a mission house stands just where it is most needed and most accessible to the Chinese of Chinatown. Under the able direction of a local committee and superintendent the work is far-reaching and important. A native pastor, Rev. Lee Gam, cares for the people at this mission with tireless energy and loving sympathy. The mission house furnishes rooms for Chinese men who may

need such accommodations. A small price is charged which goes to the support of the mission. The home of the pastor is under the same roof. The influence of this work, planted in this strategic point to reach the 100,000 Chinese and Japanese on the Pacific coast, cannot be measured. Already missionaries have been educated here who have gone to China to carry the gospel to their own people. The principle that "native missionaries and not foreign missionaries must finally solve the great problems facing us in China," is more and more gaining belief.

The Rev. Jee Gam and his associates have made noteworthy contributions recently through the American Board for the relief fund to be used in North China.

But all these peculiar peoples among whom this association works need trained teachers of their own race. It makes, therefore, prominent normal instruction. A large number of the teachers in the public schools

of the South among the Negroes and among the Highlanders were educated in these schools. These teachers are trained in the best modern methods, and almost universally go out from the parent school with profound Christian conviction and high standards.

Churches are planted beside the school. The newer generation in the South demands these churches in which an intelligent and devoted minister shall present thoughtful discourses. The old-time noise and confusion, excitement and shouting, which although containing an element of real worship often excited quite other emotions than those of devotion, are giving place to more thoughtful but none the less sincere worship. The churches organized are largely under the care of native pastors. The methods of church organization, so far as possible, throw the responsibility upon the church membership, thus developing self-direction and self-support. The great work of the association marks an epoch in history.

A "SHACK." HOME OF A PORTO RICAN PEASANT



WOMEN ELOCUTIONISTS

By Joseph Dana Miller

TO most people—to a large number who ought to know better—elocution means simply "reciting pieces." For this many of the entertainers, amateur and professional, who regale society with their efforts are to blame. Elocution has been so long held to be synonymous with rant and affectation, that the art has fallen into disrepute, and at the last National Convention of Elocutionists it was proposed to drop this designation and substitute the word "expressionists." This resolution failed to pass, fortunately, it should be said.

Of late, however, the conception of elocution as an art in popular apprehension is perceptibly higher, owing to the intelligent labors of a number of gifted and conscientious artists, chiefly women, of whose work it is our purpose to speak briefly.

The value of elocution as a method of teaching English literature is beyond question. The reason so few people appreciate poetry is, in some degree at least, because so few can read it well. With many people their favorite poems are those which during some period of their lives they have heard read with good elocutionary effect. Good reading is stimulating and quickens the artistic appreciation. When we reflect that lyric poetry was sung or spoken long before it was written, when we recall its genesis among

the troubadours, the Minnesingers, the Provençals, and their prototypes in many countries, we divine the intimate connection between the written word and the elocutionary interpretation.

How few clergymen read the Bible as it ought to be read! Have we not, all of us, grown impatient oftentimes at the pulpit droning of that magnificent literature of the Old and New Testament—the lifeless, spiritless rendering of the splendid text? Those who heard Miss Ida Benfey at the Carnegie Lyceum in January, 1899, in her illuminating readings from the Book of Job, were made to feel anew the splendor of that sublime bit of Hebrew literature. "There is nothing equal to it in the Bible or out of it," was the judgement of Carlyle.

The adaptability of the Scriptures to elocutionary interpretation is almost infinite, though its demands upon the resources of the reader may well daunt even the most vaulting ambition. But professional elocutionists are coming to see the possibilities it offers. Miss Mary E. Blood, who with Miss Ida Morey Riley conducts the Columbia School of Oratory, at Chicago, gives Bible readings which are said to be examples of unique interpretations.

It is not my purpose to speak of male elocutionists, though there are many of eminence. Mrs. Harriet

MISS JENNIE MANNHEIMER



Webb, who became a professional reader when her husband lost \$250,000 in the Jay Cooke panic, and who pre-

MISS MARION SHORT



vious to that period had recited for the entertainment of her guests, does not believe that the profession is adapted for men, and expresses herself with great vigor on this point. Waiving this contention, however, on which few of either sex will be found to agree with her, it should be said that women have made somewhat greater progress in this field than men. Mrs. Bertha Kunz Baker is to-day the foremost woman reader in America. Thomas Bailey Aldrich expressed himself in delighted terms on hearing her reading of *Judith* and *Holofernes*. In a letter to the writer Mrs. Baker thus voices her own high ideal of her art:

"A great poem does not surrender its heart at once to the casual reader. One must come to it again and again, must gently and lovingly win its soul, line by line, word by word. But it is only the few who can take the time from the busy days for such patient wooing of the muse, and such persons hurriedly conclude that they don't like poetry. But when the melody and rhythm of phrase are brought out by the living voice, then he sees something in the poem he did

not see before. The freer and better the instruments of the elocutionist—mind, will, body—the more freely can he surrender these instruments to express his soul's vision of truth and beauty, and the greater and more convincing will be his rendering."

As has been said in different terms, half the appreciation of poetry comes from hearing it adequately read.

That elocution ought to be accorded

MISS EVELYN VAN DYKE LONDON



a place in our schools and colleges few will dispute. And we are undoubtedly coming to a stage where it will be accorded such recognition, with the wider appreciation of its importance that is everywhere beginning. It is even now a fashionable art, though in this there is perhaps a danger that the standard of the art will be debased by common handling. But so far, at least, there is no sign of a retrograde movement; on all sides there has been progress. Perhaps the greatest gain has been the breaking away of modern methods of elocution from the conventional. The old rules that once determined our appreciation of the elocutionary art no longer hold sway. Years ago when the art as practised was distinctly artificial, the national colloquial manner, now regarded as so desirable a quality, would have scandalized every canon.

Into the thousand and one disputed points of the elocutionist's art it would take too long to enter. These questions may be left for other hands: the difference between recitation and oratory; whether the mental must precede the physical impression; whether elocution be entirely the exterior manifestation of some over-powering inward sentiment, or whether it is more largely dependent than this theory would have us believe upon the physical movements; whether the emphasis laid upon the physical expression has injured the art of elocution by introducing the spectacular element, "the gymnastic side," as it is sometimes called. We cannot but feel, however, that the secrets of elocution are not tricks of rhetoric, nor modes of gesture, nor mechanical methods; true interpretation springs from conviction and naturalness. It is the rapt experience of the artist in

MISS MAUD MAY BABCOCK



love with, or possessed of his idea that gives life to the delivery.

How distasteful must have been and still are many methods used in teaching elocution. We may judge of the character of the older school of elocution by some of the recitations themselves. That there was a physical and mental harmony was not dreamed of. But reading is very difficult to

teach. Indeed, the most that the teacher can do is to guide; the real art is inspirational. We know that we like to hear certain men and women read; we may even be able, in a general way, to tell why—the gestures are good, the intonation beautiful, the voice of great range and power; yet how many readers lacking one or all of these qualities have as strongly impressed us, while others possessing the same excellencies have left us cold and unresponsive. The elocutionist who has failed may have grasped all the *technique* of his art, but there is one thing he has failed to grasp, and that is its *psychology*.

It is not possible to speak of all the women elocutionists whose work entitles them to recognition. The number of these rising to eminence in their profession is increasingly large. Miss Lily Hoffner Wood, secretary of the New York State Association of Elocutionists, whose speciality is dramatic recitals, and whose reading of the "Spanish Gypsy" is remarkably effective, is a resident of this city, as is also Miss Genevieve Stebbins, to-day perhaps the greatest living Delsartian among women, and possessed of a fine

MISS MAY PERIN



face and figure. Bert Harte tells how he loved to hear her recite when she was a child. She came to New York

from the Pacific coast when only fourteen years old, and started out as a promising young actress; she is now

and singularly sympathetic one, reads mainly from her father's genuinely artistic compositions, with their sur-

MISS BEATRICE HERFORD



MISS MARTHA HAWLING BAILEY



the head of the New York School of Expression. She is the author of a work on the Delsarte method, the first book on that subject to appear in America. From the widow of Delsarte she obtained many of the master's unpublished papers which are included in her book.

A number of our best women elocutionists recite their own composition exclusively. Of these, Will Allen Drumgoole is one of the best known. Her recitations are in the dialect of the negro, the mountain-eer, and the Southern street gamin. She herself is a native of Tennessee, a frail little body weighing only eighty-two pounds, but she manages to hold and interest large audiences by her free and unconventional reading of her Southern studies of life and manners.

Mary French Field, the daughter of Eugene Field, who studied the Delsartian method at Chicago, and spent much time in preparing herself for the elocutionary field until, if not a great reader, she made herself a pleasing

passing knowledge of the children's hearts.

Rose Hartwicke Thorpe, who, with her husband, gives original readings, is the author of "The Curfew Shall Not Ring To-night," which so many of us have been compelled to hear *rended* quite as often as rendered.

Miss Marion Short, who came from California several years ago, and soon had New York audiences at her feet, recites only the compositions of her collaborator, Miss Pauline Phelps. She is full of humor, is pretty, vivacious, not incapable of strong touches of pathos, with great powers of facial expression, and is a successful, artistic entertainer.

Beatrice Herford, once a pupil of Genevieve Ward, and sister of Oliver Herford, the artist and poet, recites her own monologues, but they have the spontaneity that is largely the secret of effective humor. A peculiarity of Miss Herford's work which an artist of more limited resources could not imitate, is her disdain

MISS IDA BENFEY



of what theatrical people call "properties." If she has a needle to thread, a baby to rock, a ribbon to dangle, she leaves all these to the imagination; her *dramatis personæ* must be conceived only by the aid of replies to questions which we do not hear, but this one-sided colloquy is never the least obscure in its purpose and intention. Costumes or accessories there are none; a chair or table is all this artist of nature requires for her *mise en scène*. But her sense of humor is excellent, and her fun is irresistible. Miss Herford scored a hit in England, such critics as Archer, Bernard Shaw and Zangwill according her high praise.

To these women elocutionists should be added others quite as favorably known, perhaps: Miss Cora Wheeler, of the Utica Conservatory of Music; Mrs. Evelyn Benedict Ayres, of Syracuse; Mrs. Harriet Delenbrough, of this city; Miss Leila O'Hume, princi-

pression, whose "Widow Melnotte" and Shakespearian readings have given her a high place in her profession; Miss

MISS ALICE MAY YOUSE



MISS LILY HOFFNER WOOD



pal of the School of Practical Elocution, of Buffalo; Miss Jennie Mannheim, of the Cincinnati School of Ex-

pression, whose "Widow Melnotte" and Shakespearian readings have given her a high place in her profession; Miss Ina S. Brown, teacher of physical culture at St. John, New Brunswick, the foremost woman-reader in the Maritime Provinces, and the equal of any in Canada; and Miss Villa Faulkner Page, teacher of elocution at the New York State Normal School, Ulster County. Nor would any mention of the more famous of women elocutionists be complete were not the name of Mrs. Emily M. Bishop included. She is one of the most accomplished readers, and is possessed of a higher mental equipment than many of the ladies who have scored signal successes in the elocutionary field. She is the author of a valuable work on "American Delsarte Culture," and is a lecturer at the Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, and the Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

These are a few of the women eminent in elocutionary work, earnest, painstaking, conscientious artists, who have done so much to rescue their art from the thoughtless contempt into which it had fallen.

WILLIAM J. BRYAN AND ADLAI STEVENSON.



PICTURESQUE PHASES OF THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN

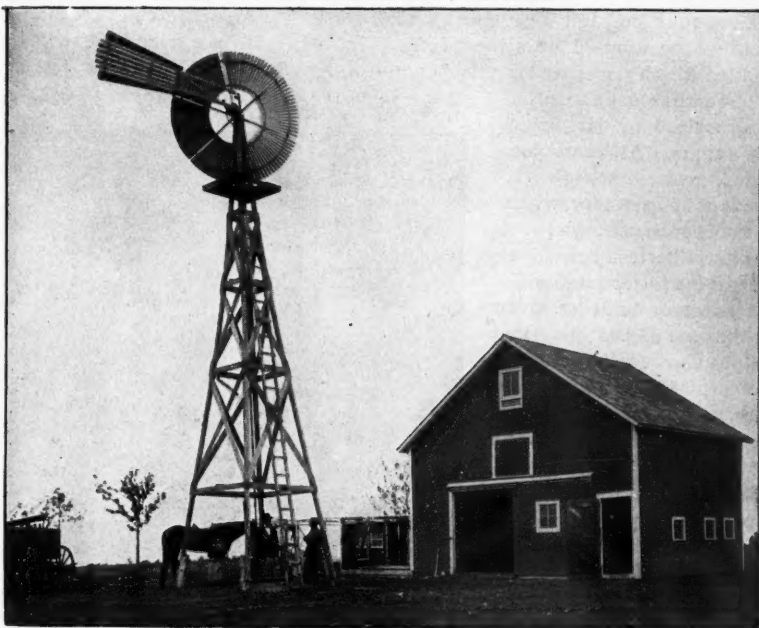
By Mitchell Mannering

THE presidential campaign of 1900 was not a political campaign. It was a business proposition pure and simple and decided as such. Not only that, it was conducted as a business proposition on both sides. There was little spectacular effect, and few outbursts of color. Each party opened extensive headquarters, with managers, clerks, and stenographers, and began an educational campaign in the distribution of literature and the assign-

ment of speakers in much the same way that a business house would inaugurate an advertising campaign.

And why not? Advertising in itself is education by iteration and re-iteration. Statisticians startle us with the growth of figures in the cost of presidential campaigns, giving out estimates of \$250,000 in 1864 to \$5,000,000 in 1900. But they forget that the business relations so closely related to these campaigns have increased in al-

SCENE ON MR. BRYAN'S FARM NEAR LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.



most a similar ratio, and now, when campaigns are organized on a business basis, with the money concentrated for a settled purpose, the amount involved is likely to appear larger than the sums expended thirty years ago when funds from private purses never found a public record.

* * *

An expression of Mr. Bryan to newspaper men, which can be placed in quotation marks because it is repeated so often is "Now, please don't quote me; I always write my own interviews." And he does, too.

Mr. Bryan uses his farm, situated three miles south-east of Lincoln, as a place of recreation, and when he is at home he visits the farm each day when the weather does not forbid.

If one were permitted to read some of the letters that are received by Mr. Bryan, the subject for many a humor-

ous sketch might be gleaned. This is doubtless true of every man who is be-

HON. ROBERT LAFOLLETTE, OF WISCONSIN.



fore the public, but Mr. Bryan has not been in that position long enough to cease to be amused at some of the epistles which come under this head.

The addresses on some letters received by Mr. Bryan are unique. All correspondence passes through the hands of his secretary, who is none other than his younger brother, Charles Bryan. Not long ago a letter came without name or address upon it; the face of the envelope simply showed the countenance of Mr. Bryan, done with pen and ink, and the likeness was excellent, too. How greatly in contrast to this was a letter received shortly afterward. The writer evidently feared that the missive might miscarry, so he embellished the envelope with the following address: "William Jennings Bryan, Democratic, Populist and Silver Republican nominee for President of the United States of America, 1625 D street, Lincoln, Nebraska, U. S. A." It reached him.

Mr. Bryan has wonderful physical endurance, and those who know him best marvel most at the way in which he has stood up under the almost constant mental and bodily strain of the past four years.

In the great tactical struggle for the balance of power among the 14,500,000 voters of the nation, the Democratic party has had leaders tried in the stress and storm of four years ago. United States Senator James K. Jones, of Arkansas, is again chairman, and Charles A. Walsh, of Iowa, is secretary for a second time. J. G. Johnson, of Kansas, is vice-chair-

man of the executive committee.

Willis J. Abbott is chief of the Press Bureau. He is a friend and confident of Mr. Bryan. Although not a mem-

SENATOR JONES, CHAIRMAN OF DEMOCRATIC NATIONAL COMMITTEE.



ber of the National Committee, he exercises great influence in shaping its policies. Mr. Abbott has done very effective work. He is one of the ablest journalists in the country.

WILLIS J. ABBOTT, OF THE DEMOCRATIC PRESS BUREAU



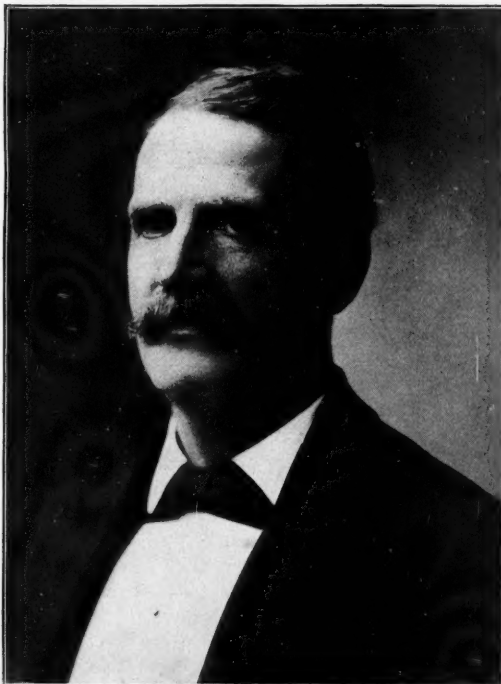
The work at the Republican western headquarters, has been under the direction of Mr. Henry C. Payne, who is without doubt one of the ablest politicians in the country, and a politician in the highest sense. Keen and resourceful, he seems to have a prescience in reading the future movements of the opposition and results for his own side.

Perhaps the most effective work of any literary campaign ever conducted has been for Republicans by General Perry S. Heath. The immense mass of literature sent out is amazing, and what becomes of it is a marvel. Mr. Heath always keeps his ratio of results as keenly in mind as if he were conducting a business proposition. He is in close touch with editors, metro-

politan and rural, and he has been prominently identified with the splendid achievements of Rural Free Delivery. Cool-headed in every emergency, his work in 1896 and 1900 has proved his great ability as a literary campaigner.

Something of the religious revival spirit took hold of the political managers. Noon-day meetings suggesting Salvation Army methods were held in vacant store buildings where campaign songs and exhorting speakers endeavored to awaken voters from their apathy, and to stir up sentiment for their side by literature and convincing argument. The meetings were addressed by itinerants and—yes—I will confess it—the old temptation of stump speaking came upon me. Personal impressions are related,

HON. HENRY C. PAYNE, OF WISCONSIN, VICE CHAIRMAN
REPUBLICAN NATIONAL COMMITTEE.



as far as possible without partisan bias. Perhaps you can guess on which side I spoke, but I never have had any sympathy for those who abused the opposing candidate, for whom I have the highest personal regard. The audiences never appeared to give way to such enthusiastic outbursts as we had in the Blaine campaign.

When speakers began to ask men to look over their little account books, consult the showing of their bank books, as compared with four years ago, you could see rugged working men and their wives nudging each other and exchanging that significant look of content that speaks more for the American fireside than volumes of eloquence.

One of the unique features of the campaign in the west has been what is called prosperity wagons. They are similar to the vehicles used by the patent medicine men, and are elaborately decorated with bunting on the sides, suggesting the band wagon in the old Fourth of July parade. Over the top is the significant sign "Heart to Heart Talks," "McKinley and Roosevelt."

Advertising space in the street cars in Boston is utilized for various candidates as well as the stunning lithographs hanging in the store windows. Notices of political rallies this year were sent out on postal cards instead of by the old time hand-bill method.

Senator Hanna's tour in South Dakota was a picturesque phase of the campaign. He made the trip against the wishes of shrewd political friends and advisors. But in the rough and tumble talks he did much to dissipate the general impression that he is a monstrosly bad man. There was no little courage displayed in undertaking the trip, for few men are better hated or more admired than Senator Hanna.

At a political rally in Brookline, Mass., two-thirds of the audience were ladies, and many of the gentlemen attended in dress suits, which was something of a contrast to the rallies which I attended among the lumber camps, where only a few ladies

occupied the front seats, and many strong, rugged voters attended in shirt sleeves, and yet in each case the same

WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN AND FAMILY



doctrines were heard and applauded.

In surveying the political horizon for picturesque phases of the campaign of 1900, they are not found wanting. The "Political Special" is now scheduled in the train sheets during the campaign months. In the wake of Mr. Bryan's electric and magnetic sweep over the country in a special train, followed Governor Roosevelt, and the monster meetings in New York City were historical events.

A POLITICAL VENDETTA

By Guy M. Burnham

WHEN commissioned by "The National Magazine" to go to Montana in search of picturesque phases of the presidential campaign of 1900, I had visions of following in the wake of vaudeville troupes to "hear the political issues of the day" discussed. There is only one way to get at facts and that is to be on the spot, and no matter what you may see or hear—it is what you feel that is the true barometer.

Henry W. Grady, the brilliant southern writer, insisted upon this when he went to Charleston to write up the earthquake and never moved outside his hotel.

William A. Clark, of Butte, Montana, was elected to the Senate during the winter of 1899, after a most exciting and protracted fight, in which a member of the legislature walked down to the speaker's desk and handed him \$30,000, which he claimed had been given him to secure votes for Mr. Clark. This money, it is claimed by the Clark men, was furnished by political enemies in his own party in an attempt to blackmail Mr. Clark and to fasten the stigma of bribery upon an innocent man. His opponents, on the other hand, claim that this was actual bribery money, and that it was furnished by Mr. Clark or his messengers to secure votes for him. Upon taking his seat in the United States Senate, proceedings were begun against Mr. Clark and after a long investigation the committee on privileges and elections decided against him, whereupon he resigned his seat in the Senate. Upon his return to

Butte he was accorded a great reception.

He was escorted through the streets of Butte to his home, where he addressed the crowd, and thereupon immediately began his canvass for re-election to the Senate and vindication.

The legislature which will be chosen in Montana on the 6th of November will elect two United States senators. The seat lately occupied by Senator Clark is already vacant and the term of Senator Carter will expire the fourth of next March. Incident to this election is a war between two of the richest men in the world, the outcome of a political vendetta which has few parallels in American politics. These two men are William A. Clark of Butte, and John D. Rockefeller of Standard Oil fame. How much money William A. Clark has he probably does not know himself. His income is said to be \$1,000,000 a month, or \$12,000,000 a year, which is five per cent per annum upon \$240,000,000. This is the nearest approximation that can be made of his wealth. John D. Rockefeller's wealth is estimated at \$250,000,000. Rockefeller came into the Montana campaign in this way: For a long time the Rothschilds of London were stockholders in the Anaconda Copper Company, but they sold out their holdings to Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Company, and the Anaconda Copper Company is now, together with six or more other properties, included in the Amalgamated Copper Company

or copper "trust," with capital stock of \$750,000,000. The president of the Amalgamated Copper Company is Marcus Daly, and between him and Clark exists a feud of more than twelve years' standing.

It is said that the feud between Marcus Daly and William A. Clark originated years ago when Mr. Clark got the better of Daly in a business proposition. Mr. Daly had possession of a valuable mining property, it is said, which was valueless to him unless he could secure certain water privileges. Mr. Clark arose very early in the morning, secured possession of this valuable water privilege, and forced Mr. Daly to part with a large sum of money for its possession. Be that as it may, the feud between these two men made its first appearance in Montana politics twelve years ago.

In 1888, when Montana was still a territory, William H. Clark and

Daly had had something to with Clark's nomination and gave him the right to expect his support, but on election day his votes were withheld and Carter was elected by 5000 majority. Thus began a political feud between Daly and Clark which has raged unceasingly for twelve years, and which in purchasing the Amalgamated Copper Company John D. Rockefeller has inherited. This feud broke out again in the capital fight of 1894. An effort was made by Daly to remove the capital from Helena to Anaconda, but Clark scored one over Daly and prevented the removal.

One of the picturesque characters in the Montana political vendetta is F. Augustus Heinze, the Barney Barnato of the Rocky Mountains. About ten years ago Mr. Heinze came to Montana. He was a graduate of the Columbia School of Mines. Upon reaching Montana he secured employment with the Boston & Montana Copper Company. He was advanced rapidly and procured leases on mining properties which he operated with great profit, also acquiring some mines by purchase. In the course of his career he became entangled in controversies with the Boston & Montana Copper Company, which is now an ally of the Amalgamated Copper Company. Numerous suits have been begun which are complicated and far-reaching in their possible effects. The Heinze suits have not only been carried into the courts, but into the halls of the legislature as well, and in themselves have cut quite a figure in Montana politics. Mr. Heinze, it is said, is desirous of controlling the courts of Montana, for the purpose, as his enemies claim, of securing favorable decisions in his suits. Mr. Heinze, however, claims that he simply seeks to prevent the



Thomas H. Carter, now United States senator from Montana, were opposing candidates for delegate to Congress.

election of judges who are tools of the Amalgamated Copper Company and its satellite, the Boston & Montana Copper Company, and that all he seeks is the election of impartial judges and of legislators who are not pledged to unfriendly legislation. As an enemy of the Amalgamated Copper Company Mr. Heinze is the natural ally of Senator Clark, and although he is a Republican and Mr. Clark is a Democrat, there is an active and effective alliance between them. Heinze is a very picturesque figure. He is a young man—less than forty years of age. He is brilliant and audacious. Through his great energy and pluck in daring operations he has already amassed a large fortune and is reputed to be a many times a millionaire. He has a large and loyal personal following among the young men whom he has assisted in one way or another, and has probably more warm personal friends than either Mr. Clark or Mr. Daly.

Mr. Clark and Mr. Daly are both members of the Democratic party, and their political warfare is largely fought out within the ranks of the Democratic party of Montana; but to the original Clark-Daly feud is now added all these complications, the Amalgamated Copper Company, John D. Rockefeller, the Standard Oil Company and the Boston & Montana Copper Company, allies of the Daly Democracy.

At the state convention in 1900 Senator Clark, through his supporters and through his son, William A. Clark, who is his manager and almoner, secured control of the Democratic state convention. This convention effected a fusion with the People's party and a

joint ticket was nominated. The Daly Democrats withdrew and have nominated an independent Democratic ticket, including nominees for state



officers, county officers and nominees for the legislature. The fusion or Clark ticket has an entire different set of candidates. This cleavage between the Democrats in Montana exists in every county in the state.

As a territory, Montana usually went Democratic by small majorities. In 1889 it elected a Democratic governor by 556 majority, but two years later it elected a Democratic congressman by a majority of only 283. The first legislature of the new state, however, was Republican, and two Republicans, Messrs. Powers and Sanders, were sent to the United States Senate, although their seats were unsuccessfully contested by the Democrats. The Democrats, by the way, never succeeded in sending one of their number to the United States Senate until 1899, when William A. Clark was elected, only to resign under bribery charges a few months later. The state went Republican in 1892 by a plurality of 1270, and again in 1894 by a plurality of over 12,000. In 1896, however, the free

silver wave swept the state and the Bryan electors were elected by over 32,000 majority, the entire Republican vote in the state being but 10,494. In 1898 the state went Democratic by 9,000 majority over the Republican ticket and 12,000 over the Populist ticket. The present state officers are all Democrats or Fusionists, and the legislature contains but sixteen Republicans to seventy-six Democrats, Populists and Silver Republicans. Thus has the free silver crusade made Montana so solidly Democratic that were free silver any longer an issue in this state, and were it not that the Clark and Daly Democrats are at each other's throats, the Republicans would be hopelessly and permanently in the minority. There is, however, no free silver talk in Montana in this campaign. The Silver Republicans have dropped the word "silver" from their name and are now simply known as Republicans.

Although McKinley and Roosevelt banners now float where four years ago they would have been torn down by enthusiastic free silverites, and although Bryan and Stevenson badges are worn in abundance, the questions of expansion, of free silver, of the tariff, or of the trusts as applied to national politics, are scarcely mentioned. The sole questions in Montana politics are:—*Shall William A. Clark secure a seat in the United States Senate?* and shall he and F. Augustus Heinze control the state? The Republicans simply say with Mercurio—

"A plague on both your houses—"

and claim their ability to rule the state as it should be ruled. With this end in view they desire to elect for six more years a distinguished member of their party, Thomas H. Carter

The expenditure of money in the Montana campaign is something un-

precedented in American politics. It is estimated by some that Senator Clark will, from his private funds, spend not less than \$3,000,000 in trying to capture the legislature, which is an average of \$50 for votes, and if this is true, the Amalgamated Copper Company forces will probably not spend much less than this amount in attempting to thwart his ambition. Political disbursing agents from these warring forces are actively at work all over the state and seem to have unlimited funds. There are less than 60,000 voters in the entire state, and the lavish distribution of campaign money among these comparatively few voters is a topic for purists in politics to ponder over. In some of the older states, such as Iowa and Massachusetts, where a senator secures his election without the expenditure of as much as a postage stamp, the contrast in political methods to the present campaign in Montana is simply startling.

* * *

The Clark managers have injected into the senatorial campaign a feature which is certainly striking. They have secured a company of vaudeville people and ballad singers to appear at political meetings for the purpose of drawing crowds and holding the miners when the speeches get too dry. The speeches were denunciatory of the Standard Oil Company, the copper "trust," Rockefeller and Marcus Daly. A popular ballad singer from Chicago, however, appeared upon the stage and here is a verse from one of the songs he sang:

Rockefeller met a miner

Coming through the rye;

There was a look of determination

In the miner's eye.

"You'll have to work ten hours a day,"

Said Rocky, who was vexed.

"We'll attend to that," the miner said,

"Upon November next."

THE LUNATIC OF GAINSVILLE

By Charles Tenney Jackson

IN Gainsville there lived John Rodgers, who kept the general store where the country people brought butter and eggs and traded them for coffee and sugar and the goods which farmers need and merchants supply. This man was a respected personage of the district: quiet, sober, cautious; a supporter of the county ticket straight, a consistent church attendant—in fact a decent man who stood well in as much of the world's eye as accounted of affairs in Gainsville.

Therefore he prospered; his home was comfortable, his family well-kept, his credit good, his store the center of the healthful life of the community. Here, of an evening, came the seven wiseacres of the town to review the busy world. Did a maker of empires falter in his task, did the county delegates bolt the convention, did Auntie Sloan's roan cow show pinkeye, it was forthwith argued to a finality at Rodgers' store. The cracker boxes about the stove were rimmed smooth by the play of shifty overalls, the tobacco stains around the fender—the imprimatur of events a half-world away—had deepened with the cycle of forty years. But in this nightly symposium, ranging from the Monroe doctrine to the making of hay, the merchant had never given more than a meek assent to any proposition that the Seven propounded. As civilization argumentatively progressed in the rear of his store he bought eggs, when the powers clamored, coalesced, cavorted in their spheres of influence, the sages of Gainsville following, he sold coffee, fitted shoes to farmers' children, matched

goods for their mothers, and waited patiently for them to adjourn that he might go home to Mary. It came to be that he was ignored by them and accepted by the remainder of the community for what he appeared—a timid spectator at the theater of life, abashed at the vast world, but uncommonly fitted to buy eggs at Gainsville.

When the merchant was far past the meridian of existence, the path blazed fair and easy for his declining years, it occurred to him to have his life insured, that his family might be still more endowed with the means of comfort in the future. Something might happen—typhus, pneumonia or apoplexy—and put an end to the buying of eggs, the selling of coffee. To a physician at the county seat went John Rodgers for the requisite examination; sound of wind and limb, tranquil of mind and conscience, satisfied with his years and fortune, at peace with all the world.

"Ah, yes, I'm Doctor Mason," replied the physician, "a trifling matter this examination—Mr. Rodgers, sit down."

He plumped John Rodgers into a leather chair and whirled him back until his eyes stared at the ceiling. There was an eerie trickle of running water from the back room, a strange odor of medicine in the air. The doctor began to question the merchant about his life, his ancestry, relations, what they died of, when and where; all of which were answered with a good heart. The physician noted the replies in a little red book, keenly watching Rodgers' face. Then he felt

of the bumps of his cranium, firmly and scientifically, shaking his own head as he referred to a large sheep-skin volume at hand.

"Ah, I thought so!" he began hoarsely, "Ireland corroborates me! Hereditary, undoubtedly; hardly manifest yet, but see that bump!"

The merchant grew nervous after a bit, for the physician's keen dark eyes pierced his very soul. He could not help gulping and rolling his head as he listened to the weird running of the water.

"Not a word, man, not a word!" said the doctor. He applied a clammy steel instrument to John Rodgers' brow and twisted his head over the chair back. "Spasmodic twitching of eyeball," muttered the physician, "hands inclined to moisture; palate narrow, vaulted—"

"Merciful Heaven," gasped John Rodgers, "what's the matter with me?"

"Absolutely nothing!" continued Dr. Mason, "head unsymmetrical, teeth misshapen—unmistakable evidences of cogenital microcephalic idiocy. Now Ireland's theory—"

"Great Caesar!" roared the merchant, "What—"

"Ah, at last! Incoherency of speech, mental processes interrupted—" cried the physician, indicating a passage in the volume, "At this stage hardly practicable to look for marked impairment or perversion of brain functions, except, perhaps, such as loss of memory, inability to fix the will or—Mr. Rodgers, your memory. Can you state your thoughts calmly, lucidly; unhesitatingly tell me this instant what color of dress your wife wore on her wedding day?"

"Oh, I—I—"

"Then concentrate your entire will power on this one idea—what were the last words your wife said to you this morning?"

"Thunderation! she said to get a— Oh, Lucifer—a package of—of—"

"Come Mr. Rodgers, your family? Any of them ever show traces of, er—insanity?"

"Suffering Mackeral, no!"

"No eccentricities, no peculiarities, no marked traits—you recall?"

"Great Snakes—come to think; there was Uncle Ike!"

"Ah, Uncle Isaac! Maudsley, 'Hereditary Tendency' " muttered the doctor. "About Uncle Isaac, Mr. Rodgers?"

"Well, Uncle Ike lived in Pelican Hill district; dummed queer for a fact!"

"Indeed?"

"Bolted the ticket in '96; spent three years trying to raise strawberries on trellises and then up and died and left his money to a feeble minded institution that our folks never heard of!"

"Ah, did he do that? Blandford on 'Hallucinatory Phenomena.'" Dr. Mason was eagerly running over his notes. "Mr. Rodgers, did you ever have pricking sensations in the top of your head?"

"Well, yes, I have felt 'em."

"Feeling of fullness—flashes of light?"

"By Gum, yes! that is—"

"Now Mr. Rodgers, mark me, solemnly, yes or no—do you ever have—ideas?"

"Holy Smoke, no! that is—yes!"

"Ah, man, enough!" cried the physician, hastily arranging his papers, muttering to himself. "Sight, good; hearing, defective; mind apparently lucid. Mr. Rodgers, did you ever know that in cases like this the subject has an amazing lack of perspicuity; he insists that he is the normal man, and the others are lunatics. He may pass through life unhappily in ignorance of his failing; his innocent wife and children may be unaware of his

weakness. Mr. Rodgers, on your honor now, if one was to go to Gainsville and publicly declare you to be a lunatic, you would deny it—even denounce the accuser as a madman!"

"Me? Wh—what, me? You're crazy!"

"Of course, of course—there now, be calm."

"Wow! Wow!" roared the merchant leaping to his feet, "What in Jupiter does this mean? What's the matter?"

"There now—no excitement, no strain on the mind, I warn you!"

"Tell me!" shrieked John Rodgers, "am I crazy?"

"Of course not—perfectly lucid, but—"

"But I'm not!" howled the merchant, "I feel—"

"Queer?"

"My head?"

"Indeed?"

"My feet, my head, my feet! Oh Lord, my eyes, my brain—"

"Quite right! Your head, your feet, your eyes, your brain! Blandford's theory—"

"Ha, ha! A package of—the wedding dress—oh, Uncle Ike! Let me get out—get home!"

The merchant dashed down stairs, three at a jump. Into the buggy he flew and out the muddy road, nine miles to Gainsville. He larruped the bay mare until the village lights appeared.

"But, Snakes!" he said, "I'm not crazy! I think straight enough—there's the church with the riding sulky on the woodshed where the boys put it Hallow'en, and Old Blake's place with the hired man milking, and my place next, cosy-like. Wha—what's that! Shucks! Its the parlor carpet flapping on the fence! How'd it get there? Caesar, I hung it there myself! John Rodgers, what's come over you now?"

He stood by the barn after the customary work was done. "Look here!

Does that hand shake? Suppose it does? You feel straight. You came home, did the chores all right—just as good as ever! But of course you do! That's just it—according to that fool doctor, any man who says he ain't crazy, is crazy! Would a sane man be afraid to go in the house—watching himself to see if he could talk sense? Oh man, you're getting worse; brace up now, and be decent."

He slipped into the house. At supper he felt his wife's eyes upon him and a panic seized his soul.

"Now John, what's the matter with you?" she queried, "There's something on your mind!"

"Mind!" yelled the merchant, dancing about the table, "that's it! You've got it! Mind! I've no mind! There, Mary, nothing on my mind except hair, as the barber said to—"

"John Rodgers, whatever is the matter with you? Are you crazy? Oh, dear, what makes you talk so?"

"Mary," said the merchant, catching her up as he had not done for thirty years, "You're a good woman and mean well, but you never knew me! There, run along!"

"Run along!" She, stout and matronly at fifty-two? She stared at her husband in amazement. John Rodgers, meek, unassuming, aye, some whispered, henpecked; he whom she proudly set forth as a model of domestic docility and fireside virtues; a hot-water-and-mustard paragon that all Gainsville had been duly brought to consider a masterpiece of husband-culture, bidding her "run along!"

"John, you're not well; one would think you had been drinking! You must go to bed, and I'll get something for that fever and soak your feet, and if you're not better to-morrow, I'll have the doctor."

"Doctor! No you don't; I may have a fever and cold feet and talk silly,

but you don't have no doctor—remember that—”

“John, you're not well, and I will have the doctor—”

“Doctors be — I won't have 'em! I hate the whole tribe of 'em!”

“John, whatever is the matter? Isn't Dr. Boyd your best friend, and don't he come every Friday night for whist, and hasn't he pulled the young ones through every spell—”

“I don't care—won't have him in the house again! Do you hear?”

His spouse collapsed upon the sofa. John Rodgers in revolt against her domestic authority! If it had been whispered about Gainsville that her husband had protested against a hot foot-bath it would have been set down as a piece of gossip as false as wicked. She scolded and wept, but the man with amazing spirit alternately joked and comforted her, and frolicked with the children in such absolute contradiction to his usual mild acceptance of things, that she went to bed, feeling that somehow the domestic establishment was subverted.

So the first belligerent note was struck in John Rodgers' placid life, from the torturing resolve to conceal the iron that the physician had slipped into his soul. Long he lay awake, planning campaigns of artifice and dissimulation, his mind pricked to a poignant sense of alertness that quite amazed him. He was playing with the dog the next morning in such animated and cheerless mockery of goodwill, that his wife looked from the kitchen window in renewed apprehension.

“Now what are you doing this for?” he growled, “this ain't like you at all! Oh thunder, your head's in a whirl already, Rodgers; she sees it and the young ones see it, and they'll all see it! Now be decent and go to the store and putter 'round same as usual. Suppose you are crazy? Whose business

is that? You go ahead and talk sense and show folks you're not a dum fool.”

At breakfast his garrulity caused the children to sit back in wonder, though Mary noticed it not a bit, apparently.

“Poor woman, she's trying to keep me quiet,” thought John, “like as not she expects me to jump at Willie with a case-knife. But I won't—I swear I won't think of it!” So he rattled on in cheerful bravado, conscious of the miserable falseness of it all; glad to escape from the strangeness of the domestic circle.

“Look here, you're scaring the kids to death and getting your wife so rattled that there won't be any peace in the household,” he soliloquized, “that doctor said a man could be crazy for years and no one ever know it. Now you ain't dangerous yet—you don't want to run and yell and chase folks, but here you are making a muddle of it the very first day!”

With his mind spinning in a dozen channels of deceit—planning how he would foot accounts, weigh sugar and keep his composure in a hundred situations, John Rodgers found himself again astonished at the wonderful activity of his intellect. For forty years he had gone to work complacent with the sluggish panorama of life in Gainsville; to-day he walked unheeding. The bulwarks of sobriety and conservatism that had stayed his life until now were crumbling in a savage riot of his mind. He gloated over vast possibilities before undreamed of. Under Heaven there should be nothing that he would not question, tear apart, bring face to face with his exulting soul! Away with this crabbed diffidence of heart and tongue! the buying of eggs, the chatter of querulous dames, the weekly bore of prayer meeting, the gabble of flannel and foot-bath, the inanity of life in Gainsville! A dizzy world spun about him

—untamable ideas, a chaos of thought! The sleepy, day-long merchant, the plodder, the effaced, the nonentity—the God-given gift of enthusiasm for the first time was his! He trembled in an ecstasy of passion, soul-anarchy, insanity—what joy, what triumph! Who among these croaking cracker-box philosophers should reproach his buoyant regeneration?

"If these dull simpletons knew what it was to be a lunatic," thought John Rodgers, "there wouldn't be enough sane chaps to put the rest of us in the asylum!"

Jim Kelsey stared at his employer in the store in dumb amazement, for the merchant slapped him on the back; cracked a joke with the farmer's pretty wife; his hat on the back of his head, a cigar between his teeth.

"Well, I'll be dummed!" murmured Jim, "him smokin'? What'll Mary say? I'll jest natchelly be—"

An irritable old woman with a basket of eggs came in, sniffing the pickle tubs as she haggled over the price, as usual. "I can get eleven cents a dozen at Marsh's" she snapped to the urbane merchant who refused to give but ten.

"I may be a lunatic," thought John Rodgers, "but what has that to do with the price of eggs?"

The seven sages gathered that night and the time-honored discussion from the Peace Congress to the Pelican Hill weed law squabble; from politicians to pigs and the ruling market prices thereof, prevailed until it slowly dawned upon the tobacco-enveloped circle that the meek factotum of Gainsville's commercial life, who had gathered eggs for over forty years but had never been suspected of gathering ideas, who had given freely of his goods, but never his opinions, was speaking from the corner where the lamplight fell upon his bald head.

The Seven listened in surprise, incredulity, alarm, and finally in despair, for he the Unassertive One, broke into a roaring belligerent attack upon every theory and conclusion that Gainsville, represented by the philosophic and undisputed few, had ever evolved in long village cycles of speculation and expectation. He swung right and left on every topic; unmasked batteries of sarcasm on the county attorney, the sheriff, the town clerk, the constable—argued, pleaded, objugated with such eloquence, such profundity of fact, reason, expedient; such wit, irony and perception of affairs, that the assembled intellect of Gainsville shrank back silenced, appalled, bankrupt in word and action!

So while the Seven spat dispiritedly at the ancient fender where many a confidant quid had lain, John Rogers literally dazed them with defiant denial, protest and refutation of every position and principle which they had argued and made him silently subscribe to for forty years! Unc' Bob Freeman went out dumbfounded by a squelcher on Predestination; Ike Berry had his views of Imperialism totally upset and slunk away with the others into the friendly night.

"Ah, glorious!" muttered John Rodgers as he stumbled home in joyous trepidation, "you're a fool, man; tomorrow the whole town will be talking about you, but what's the use of being a lunatic if one can't have all the privileges?"

And in the days that followed, the merchant was rebuilding a new order of things; where he had crept he now rode at a gallop, where he had reverently closed his mind he now dared all critical Pelican Hill to combat.

The hot-water-and-mustard regime was over. His wife sat among her fallen domestic idols, discomfited by the uproarious rebellion of John, whose

red flannel chest-protected career was closed as completely as was the egg buying of Commercial Rodgers at the store. For the cantankerous merchant on three successive evenings lorded over the subdued assemblage by his stove and then sought new conquests. At the town meeting he made such a fight for the new bridge over Pelican creek, that it carried, and to the amazement of all Gainsville John Rodgers was elected chairman of the town board.

"Great Snakes, man, you're getting in deep!" said the merchant, "here you are on the board and a delegate to the county convention! Why those chaps seem dazed when I start to talk and I have to roar or they'll see something is wrong. Oh, some day there'll be a grand smash—you'll talk foolish and get put in the asylum and folks will come and look through the bars and say 'That's him; the lunatic of Gainsville, who ran the town board and the caucus and the county convention last fall!'"

His popularity and prestige grew apace. He joined lodges, made speeches at Old Settlers' picnics, attended the farmers' institutes; had a life sketch and a picture in the "County Republican," and one day Jenkins, the party nominee for Congress, called at the store to discuss the situation in Pelican Hill district. He seemed ten years younger, bubbling over with geniality and wit. He was on the county committee; canvassed the district for Jenkins, and the farmers came for miles to hear the amazing speeches of John Rodgers, until the party leaders declared there was only one man could carry the district for the legislature, and that was the merchant of Gainsville. Straightway he was nominated, feeling a growing impatience to knock the heads of the politicians together for their puerile machinations.

In these fast furious months he was living all the vigor and strenuous enthusiasm of a lifetime of repression and docility.

"What's the use of being decent and lucid and all that?" he argued. "You'd be loony in a month in that rotten old store."

He grew more rampant and the party workers were alarmed at his conceit and tremendous popularity. "He's a dashed reformer!" growled the old liners, after an election that practically disrupted the opposition.

After the triumphant reception when the citizens ran all over the lawn and climbed the woodpile to hear his speech, John Rogers felt a maniacal desire to throw the game.

"Oh, if you could cut loose and be good and crazy!" he wailed, "here you've got into the legislature and some of 'em want you to run for Congress. Now that wouldn't be bad; Mary could see the President and it would be a fine thing for Willie to say when he got into high school, but who ever heard of a lunatic in Congress?"

In truth, John Rodgers was lonesome. In spite of his clamorous activity he felt cut off from the interests of men—a menacing gulf was between him and all humankind. Any fool might buy eggs or build an empire, but where was he who could claim kinship with his untrammelled soul and explore the dark realms wherein he inwardly dwelt? The merchant weakly felt that he was approaching his limitations.

"What can I do next?" he dolefully questioned, "set the house on fire, brain the children? What's the use? Willie's getting big and can soon run the store. Oh, I'd like to go off alone and be as crazy as I pleased—to run and yell! wow! wow!! wow!!! But that don't sound crazy. Any man can say 'wow!'"

To the legislature, then, went the lunatic of Gainsville in much inward perturbation but outward calm. He was instantly sought by the cliques and trimmers, who could use this influential rural member, but he cast loose from all political weather charts and soon had a howling storm about his head. The galleries were crowded when it became known that he was to speak; the lobbyists and party sharps laid deep schemes to quiet the member from Pelican Hill who was galloping amuk among the party's most cherished designs. The public was laughing, the press was clamoring, the statesmen exasperated beyond endurance. Some man whose pet measure had been made a monkey of by John Rodgers, had him appointed on a junketing committee to inspect public institutions, and he was bundled out of town with several amiable and superfluous legislators.

The first thing was to visit the insane asylum. This disconcerted John Rodgers a bit. He did not care to go, but his colleagues drew such a dire picture of the need of reform, that a fresh terror struck his heart.

"Is that the sort of inferno it is? Man, are you to land there shortly with the everlasting enmity of every legislator who runs the place? Clean out that asylum if it is the last lucid interval you have on earth!"

Forthwith he raised such a clamor for reform at the institution that it was immediately said that his brother-in-law had a contract for refurnishing the asylum. When a statesman needs light on another statesman's motives he looks up his business connections unto the fourth generation.

"Let him reform the dashed asylum!" spouted the very angry workers at the capitol, "run the place as a symphony orchestra if he wants, as long as he keeps out of politics!"

So John Rodgers, his mind filled with visions of what he would make of his future habitation, spent days with the complacent committeemen, browsing around the place to see what could be done. One day, in turning a corner, alone, he met a tall dark man whose troubled eyes were fixed keenly upon him.

"At last!" gasped the merchant. It was Dr. Mason, the one man in all the world who held his secret, whom he had dreaded all the months might appear to expose him. The physician looked him over in thoughtful interest.

"Yes, it's you," he began. "My dear sir, it was undignified; you went off in a riotous manner—three steps at a jump! I saw you!"

"But, doctor, think of the blow; why I never even suspected it—"

"You were such a beautiful subject—a marvellous subject," said the doctor sorrowfully, "until you spoiled it all! Such a complete diagnosis, such conclusive evidence, such scientific corroboration—and to think one little thing upset my whole case—one little thing!"

"What was it?" enquired John Rodgers, much moved at the physician's show of feeling. "Don't feel bad; perhaps we can fix it up now!"

"Oh, I had you all classified but I overlooked one little point—a trifle—that ruined everything."

"Do tell me now," said the merchant.

"You are not a lunatic!"

"What?"

"No, I am!"

"What!" shrieked the merchant, "the lunatic! You're a liar, an impostor!"

"Now don't get excited," cried the physician, backing away. "You mus'n't—its against the rules! I tell you I'm the lunatic; they said so when they brought me here!"

"You're a liar! What, have they got you locked up? You're a scoundrel, I

say; I'm the lunatic of Gainsville!"

Then like two roaring bulls they fell to fighting until the keepers rushed between and carried the merchant from the ward. The amiable committee viewed the combat from afar and quaked at this latest sort of reform which their colleague was introducing.

"The Honorable Gentleman from Pelican Hill seems to have forgotten himself," they apologized to the warden, "he thinks this is a session of the lower House."

"The madman?" said John Rodgers, weakly, as the sympathetic members crowded around him in the ante-room, "The lunatic? I tell you now—"

"There, man, be quiet; he can't get at you—he's just a harmless crank who was a doctor and went off himself about insanity about a year ago. But

why did you quarrel with him? I saw you hit him first."

The vast world of lunatics and legislators was reeling about John Rodgers' head. When he recovered a week later he resigned his seat and went back to Gainsville without a word of explanation of his strange conduct. The only time he was ever known to speak of his public career, or indeed of much else, was one day when he carried a farmer's basket to the counter and extricated the contents from a labyrinth of bran.

"Any fool can get into Congress or a lunatic asylum," said John Rodgers, "but it takes a wise man to buy eggs and keep his mouth shut!"

Whereat the Seven gazed at the stove and cautiously returned to the Eastern Question.

STRONG'S DIME CARICATURES.—No. 3.



SOUTH CAROLINA TOPSEY IN A FIX.

FORWARDED BY T. W. HUNTER, 10 RAILROAD ST., N. Y.

See Article on "Cartoons in American Politics."

HAZEL'S PENCIL SKETCH

By Hayden Carruth

HAZEL GARRISON stood in the kitchen, an immense pan heaped high with unwashed breakfast dishes before her. Around the pan on the table were more dishes, like suburbs of a city; while close at hand on another table, like neighboring towns, reposed a big old-fashioned tray and a wooden butter-bowl, each also filled with dishes. It was the result of having a thrashing crew of twenty men added to the family.

Hazel sighed as she looked at the formidable array. She had never been especially fond of dish washing. Then she gazed out the window. A wagon drove up beside the barn, the box filled with untied standing bags of wheat. On the wagon was a man and Hazel's brother Will, a boy of fourteen—some two or three years younger than herself. Will disappeared through a window in the side of the barn and the man began tossing in the sacks of grain with an easy, swinging motion. The horses stood sleepily hanging their heads. A calf came up in the barn-yard and began sniffing inquisitively through the fence. Hazel forgot the dishes in watching the scene framed in by the window. Then she slipped a pencil and a little square book from the bosom of her dress, rested the latter on the bottom of the topmost plate of the pile and began sketching the bit of life before her. Hazel's weakness was for drawing.

The sketch was not half done when her mother came into the room. The girl did not hear her, so absorbed was she. A trace of impatience crept into Mrs. Garrison's face.

"Hazel!" she said.

The girl started and slipped back the book and pencil. "Yes, Mother," she said blushing. "I won't stop again, and I'll have these dishes all done by half-past eight, anyway."

The day was a busy one on the Garrison farm. It was Saturday, and both Mr. Garrison and the man who operated the thrashing machine, one Maddock, were anxious to finish that night. The working hours were always long during thrashing on a Minnesota wheat farm. Even before the cold, gray October dawn crept up, and while the wheat stubble and the tangled red wild buckwheat of the fields were stiff with frost, the whistle of the thrashing engines would come out of the darkness, shrill and piping, across the prairie. The daylight hours were short, with November fairly on the threshold, and the thrashing-machine owner who made the earliest start won the good-will of the farmer and increased his earnings. So it was no uncommon thing for the sleepy engineer to go striding away to the field with a lantern before three o'clock, though perhaps he had not got to bed (as like as not in the barn on the hay) before ten the night before.

The start had been more than commonly early this morning on the Garrison place. There was a large "setting" to do in a distant field, and another near the house, and it would take hard work to finish and get moved away to a neighboring farm ready for a new start Monday morning. Breakfast had been eaten by lamplight, and the dull, rhythmical hum of the thrash-

ing-machine had floated on the frosty air before sun-rise.

When the dishes were finished Mrs. Garrison said:

"There, Hazel, you did very well. And you got along without stopping to make another picture, didn't you? Now get the baby to sleep—I know he's sleepy because he was up as early as any of us."

"When they get up here in the pasture with the machine I want to go out a little while," said the girl. "The new straw is such a pretty color, and the stack piles up so fluffy and ragged."

"Well, they'll be here this afternoon, I think. Only I prefer the color of the new wheat," added her more practical mother; "especially as it's worth a dollar a bushel and straw isn't worth anything."

The men were a half hour late for dinner, having stayed to finish up the work in the field. Maddock and two or three of the others were even later, coming with the machine. Hazel forgot her work again as she watched the black, greasy traction engine puffing up the lane from the road, dragging the great, clattering red separator behind, as a locomotive drags a train of cars. She thought it a very comical affair, seeming like a stationary engine which had suddenly decided to ape the ways of its superior, the railroad locomotive, the result of all its puffing and hard work being about two miles an hour.

When at last Maddock came to his dinner he was nervous and swallowed his food even faster than usual.

"Are you going to get through to-night?" asked Mrs. Garrison.

"Oh, I reckon," returned the man, harpooning another potato with his fork at arm's length. "If we work late and nothing busts. Hear about the time they had at Burke's last night?"

"No."

"Machine and setting of wheat burnt up."

"Did the sparks from the engine start it?"

"No. Man that had been turned off set it. They're a-looking for him. I'd just like to help string him up," and he disappeared out the door.

It was late in the afternoon before Hazel made her promised visit to the scene of the thrashing operations, a hundred yards down beyond the barn. She had finished another great stack of dishes, got ready a half bushel of potatoes for supper, put the baby to sleep again and otherwise made herself useful. She had done it, too, without so much as glancing at her precious sketch-book, though not without thinking of it more than once, and of the many beautiful and picturesque things all about and fairly waiting to be drawn. Though she could never help feeling discouraged when she thought of such things and realized how little of what she saw did she have the skill to transfer to paper, since of training or assistance in drawing she had had very little.

As Hazel neared the scene of the thrashing she was not disappointed in the odd beauty of the stack of new straw, pushed up seemingly from the ground, a great, feathery, foamy mass of a light, delicate yellow color. The long, inclined straw-carrier was still hurrying a constant upward-flowing stream and dumping it in front of the men, who in throwing it back made the top of the pile like a tossing, billowy sea of faint yellow. The separator, half buried between the dingy brown of the unthrashed wheat in the stacks and the yellow of the new straw, was a blur of red paint, flying wheels and dull-gleaming leather belts, with the long, tossing, dark gray belt streaming from the engine to the separator and back again in an endless

hurry. As for the engine, it stood puffing and throbbing with its wheels buried half way to the hubs in the ground, its pretensions to locomotive purposes quite forgotten. Another smaller pile of the bright new straw lay behind the engine, and a man with an iron handled pitch-fork was tucking a constant stream of it into the fire-box, since this was the only fuel the engine used.

Mr. Garrison was working with the others, and found Hazel a place on a pile of filled sacks. Maddock was bustling about with a long oil-can in one hand. Hazel had not been there long before she slipped out the little book and began sketching the new stack of straw and the machine. "If I could only put in that color," she thought, as she feasted her eyes on it. As she worked she became conscious of some one standing near her, and on looking up saw a man who instantly held her attention. He was apparently a stranger who had just approached. He was paying no attention to her, but was looking at the busy scene before him. He was rather an undersized man, ragged and dirty. He was dressed seemingly in odds and ends gathered at kitchen doors, most of his garments being much too large for him. On his feet were coarse shoes, one of them without a lace and the other held together with a bit of wire. His trousers were rolled up about his ankles; he wore a canvas belt, shortened by being tied in a knot; his coat was huddled about him as if he momentarily expected it to drop off; on his head was a limp felt hat with several holes in it, through some of which locks of coarse hair were straying. A bright red cotton handkerchief was tied about his neck and lent a touch of color to his costume. His face was thin, with prominent cheek bones, a receding chin, a large nose

and small, dark, restless eyes. However coarse, dirty and forbidding he might have been, he was certainly picturesque and, in his way, a striking figure. This, with her quick eye for such things, Hazel did not fail to grasp instantly, and almost without knowing it, she turned over a leaf, and with a few bold strokes began sketching his face as he stood there still gazing at the machine. Just then Maddock happened to come along.

"Got a job for a feller?" asked the man in gruff tones.

"No," answered Maddock curtly.

"Aw, come; see if you can't find one for me—I want to work," went on the man in a querulously impudent manner.

"Nothing here," returned Maddock, starting to move away.

"Can't you give me a quarter, Boss, to get something to eat with?" went on the man.

"Oh, let me alone!" said Maddock impatiently.

"See here, Boss; gimme a drink and I'll go," continued the man, advancing.

Maddock turned on the other suddenly, pale with anger. He was a man of but little control over his temper, and of even less refinement of feeling.

"You clear out of this, you tramp!" he exclaimed. "Do you hear?—clear out or I'll run you through the separator!"

The man shrank back, evidently frightened at the violence of the outbreak; then he turned, muttering, and slouched around one of the half thrashed wheat stacks. Hazel watched him, more frightened than he at the unwonted scene. As he disappeared she saw him cast a black look at Maddock, who was just then called to the machine. She started to go, suddenly feeling that she had had quite enough of such surroundings, when she took

another glance at the sketch she had made of the man. She was lost over it instantly because she saw that she had never caught a likeness so well before. The coarse, strongly-marked lines of the man's face had lent themselves well to her pencil, and she had not had in this case the time which a beginner usually has to spoil his picture. Then she glanced back at the sketch of the straw-pile and began to add more to it. So she forgot herself for ten minutes, scarcely conscious, even, of the steady roar of the machine, with the ever recurring dull "thug," like a quick, smothered growl, as the man on the feeding platform let a little too much of the grain at one time down in among the myriad steel teeth of the rapidly revolving cylinder.

Suddenly there was a crash which sounded above the roar of the machine as if there had been utter silence before. The girl looked up and saw that the woodwork around the cylinder was being torn away and that the whole machine was swaying with the violence of the shock. Then the man who had been "feeding" reeled and fell to the ground. The engine behind her quickly ceased its puffing. The wheel of the separator came to a stop, grinding and crushing, and the men swarmed from stacks and straw-pile and gathered around the one on the ground. Then her father turned from the group and came to her, saying:

"You'd better go to the house, Hazel."

"What's the matter, Father?" she asked.

"A wrench in the grain got into the cylinder and wrecked things. A piece of iron struck the feeder and hurt him. Run to the house."

"Who is he?" she asked.

"Maddock's brother."

Just then Maddock rose from bending over the prostrate man and waved the others back with his outspread arms. His face was whiter than it had been when he had turned on the man. "Boys, he's dead," cried Maddock in a hoarse voice. "That tramp put the wrench in the bundle. Scatter 'round and find him and we'll—." He stopped as suddenly as he had begun.

The next moment Hazel was at the house telling her mother with breathless haste of what had happened. In a few minutes Mr. Garrison came in hurriedly and said:

"He isn't dead, but he's unconscious and badly hurt. I'm going after a doctor."

He disappeared, and soon Maddock and three of the others came in bearing the wounded man. They placed him on a bed, and Mrs. Garrison did what she could to make him comfortable against the coming of the doctor, which would not be soon, since it was a good ten miles to the nearest town. Two or three neighboring women came in to bear Mrs. Garrison company. Only Maddock of the men remained—the rest had gone on a search which boded no good to its object if he was found.

. . .

The short October day had gone, and night had shut down, dark and cloudy. Mr. Garrison was not yet back with the doctor. The wounded man had not stirred, though he still breathed. Maddock had spent most of his time pacing up and down the kitchen, saying but little; and when he spoke it was more apt to be a threat against the missing man than an expression of sorrow for his brother. The men who had gone on the search had not yet returned.

Hazel during all this time had been in a state of intense excitement. That she had suppressed it and remained

outwardly calm had but made it worse. It was not so much what had happened as what, with her vivid imagination, she pictured was going to happen. Her quick, instinctive feeling for the beautiful in the world about her had always been what was chiefly noticeable in the girl, but when something happened to bring it out her love for those spiritual forms of the beautiful, the good and the true, was not less strong. Her warm sympathies were aroused for the hunted man, wretch that he was. She knew that he deserved punishment, and hoped that he might receive it, but the injustice and shame of what she knew Maddock hoped to do made her sick at heart.

She kept in her room most of the time, but now her mother came and asked her to get some supper, since she herself wished to stay with the wounded man, all the neighbors except one woman having gone home. Hazel went down to the kitchen. Maddock was still there. Soon there came a low rap at the door. He stepped quickly to it and talked with someone outside in a whisper. Then he went out, and Hazel caught a glimpse of the two hurrying by the window toward the scene of the afternoon occurrences. She pressed her face to the pane, with her hands beside her eyes. There was a momentary gleam of a lantern near the stacks and she made out the forms of several men. She opened the door. There was a sound from the direction of the well. She listened intently and was soon convinced that some one was removing the rope. She turned back in, feeling as if she was on fire to her finger tips. At that moment her mother came quickly into the room with a glass in her hand.

"He's come to and asked for water," she said. "I don't believe he's going to die." She filled the glass and

hurried back. She did not know as she went through the door that her daughter ran out into the night with the swiftness of the wind and away toward where fifty half-frenzied men were gathered for a desperate purpose.

The lantern had disappeared and there was no movement about the place as Hazel came up. But she could make out a group of men close beside the separator. "He's alive, he's alive!" she cried. Stop this—the man is alive and come to himself again!"

Her impulse to start upon her errand had been so sudden that she scarcely realized where she was or what words were coming as she spoke.

"How do you know what we're doing?" came in a rough, disguised voice, but which she recognized as Maddock's. "It ain't so—he's dead."

"It is so," she returned, going still closer, "and you know it, Maddock. I just came from there. He's conscious, and he asked for a drink of water. Stop this, stop it, I say!"

"You go back to the house, or we'll carry you back," said Maddock, still more gruffly. "You have no business here. It ain't the tramp's fault if he's alive. We'll do what we started to do."

"You won't—you must not! Your brother is alive. The law will punish this man you've got here. Will you make murderers of yourselves?"

"Carry her back to the house and tell her mother to keep her there," said Maddock in a low voice.

A man started to seize her by the wrists. Quick as a flash she wrenched herself away from him and sprang forward to where she had seen a gleam of light. It was under a half-bushel measure, and, turning this over, she picked up a lighted lantern. "You are cowards!" she cried. "If what you are doing is right, why do you do it in the dark?" She flashed the light around

on the men. Many of them wore rude masks—the others shrank back behind the machine. In the midst of the remaining group she spied the captured man, cowering and trembling, bare-headed and with his hands tied behind him. As the light fell full on his face she started and said:

"Why, he's not the man who was here this afternoon!"

"He is," said Maddock,

"He's not," she returned. "I was here. I saw him. This man looks like him, very much like him, but he's not the one."

"I know he is. I saw him more than you. He's the one, and we're going to hang him. Take her to the house!" and he snatched away the lantern.

"He's not! You've got an innocent man! I made a picture of that man. When you see it you'll know yourself that this is not the right man. I'll show it to you."

"Well, let's have it."

She slipped her hand into the bosom of her dress and drew out the little book. She ran over the leaves tremblingly, looking for the sketch. But when her eyes rested on it, and she saw how vivid and true it was, it gave her courage and she took the lantern in one hand, and holding it so the light fell full upon the page, she said:

"There, isn't that the man who was here this afternoon?"

Maddock looked at it slowly. "Yes," he answered, "It looks like him."

The guards had pressed forward with the prisoner. "See the differ-

ence," went on the girl; "its not a picture of *this* man."

Maddock stood looking at it but said nothing. Still Hazel could see no hint in his face of relaxation of his purpose. Then another man who had not spoken but who had looked intently at the sketch said:

"That's right—this man don't look like the picture. Maddock, this ain't the time for any guess-work. You're the only man that took notice of him—now you want to be sure. We're doing this all on your word—and it's ticklish business, anyhow."

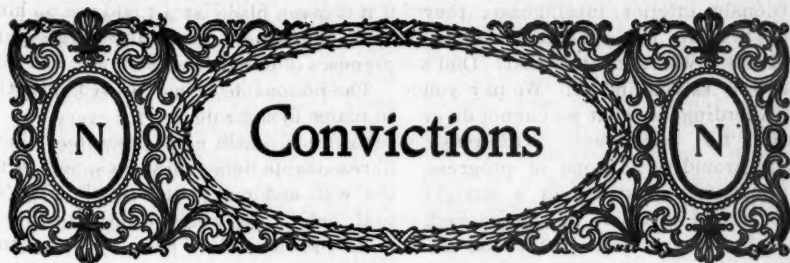
Maddock still remained silent, but short ejaculations of approval of the speaker came from the others. This drift of sentiment more than conviction of the innocence of the man was beginning to have weight with Maddock. He hesitated a moment longer then said:

"We might wait a little. I might be wrong."

The girl felt that her strength was going. She dropped the sketch and started for the house. Half-way she met her father, and remembered no more till she came out of her faint in the house, with her mother and father and the doctor standing over her.

It was late the next day before she felt strong enough to sit up. Then she learned that Maddock's brother was on the road to recovery, that the man she had saved had been released, and that the true culprit had been captured by the officers of the law and safely lodged in jail.





Convictions

By Anna Farquhar

THE GOBBLER'S MESSAGE

THE gobbler is a cheerful bird, greatly maligned by its name. His industry has plainly been mistaken for greed; his optimistic call and yawn of the tail for vainglory. He hurries about, trying to do his duty, unselfishly taking on fat for Thanksgiving day; doing his share towards leaving the world better than he found it by lending good cheer to at least one Thanksgiving of man, his natural enemy. In this last we find his message "Do not take the world as you find it; make it better if only by one good dinner." The cheapest element in the modern mind is to be found in its Uriah Heap attitude toward popular opinion. Politic cringing before ignorance and bad taste is worse than cowardly—impeding progress on all sides as it does. "Give the people what they want; it's poor policy to try to cram what they ought to like down their throats!" That is the label of success at the present day, but it is my firm conviction that such policy is even more false in the long run than it is pernicious. The time is bound to come—indeed there are some strong evidences of its being well under way—when the people will rebel against published untruths and yellow sensationalism for daily diet; when a de-

mand for reliable news, decent theatrical shows and more thoughtful literature will burst out and gobble up the uncomplimentary editor, manager and publisher who has so unwisely gauged the people's intelligence during the past decade in the United States.

In every army there must be officers, also privates prepared to follow unto death their superior's commands. Just so in the army of life;—if the commanding officers lack judgment or conscience the marching regiment is destroyed.

The gobbler puts forth his best endeavors to leave the world better off than he found it; if every man in his own small sphere determined to do the same for one year, regardless of pecuniary consequences, by another Thanksgiving "the people," who are now compelled to stand sponsor for so much that is cheap and mentally degrading, would rise en masse at an actual Thanksgiving service and sing "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Trust "the people" and they will trust and support you; give them what they want, but let it be the *best* they want, not the worst. You can persuade a woman that she is good looking no matter what her actual appearance may be, but it is more difficult to per-

suade her she is homely. When "the people" once waken to the unflattering allowance made for their suppositiously inferior intelligence, they will take up the gobbler's message and cry "We want the best! Don't leave us as you find us! We pay you for affording us what we cannot do or think for ourselves!" Otherwise, there would be no hope of progress, all movement forward in a straight line would perforce be abandoned. But this seems unreasonable and unlikely; Thanksgiving day still rings true to the majority of Americans; the day still calls to mind sterling qualities, fearless nobility of endeavor, freedom, but not unsavory license; and no amount of "yellow" influences, popular though they seem to be, can ultimately lower the mental love of our people. But they cannot safely remain quiescent under demoralization; only by their own voice can they declare themselves; whatever they distinctly call for they will get; on their heads will be the blame of increasing yellowism. Do not take the world as you find it; make it more wonderful!

THE INDIVIDUAL DEVIL

FOR the Scotch Presbyterian belief that all men are born children of sin, there is still much to be said. Modify the original Satan of world-wide proportions into a collection of individual devils besetting individuals congenial to them, after the fashion of poisonous insects, and you will have a manageable scheme of moral creation.

The man unpossessed by some devil or other is still unborn; accordingly, if our first step toward personal progress were to probe around within ourselves, holding all our faculties and senses alert for a good look at our undesirable tenant, we might face our own situation more intelligently and

fairly. Latter day philosophies of life and fashionable isms lay altogether too slight stress upon original sin; or if it is given place at all, that place is over somewhere around the fleshly premises of our neighbors.

The reasonable being knows himself to blame in some degree for every disturbance in which he participates; the unreasonable being turns his mirror to the wall and makes the toilet of his soul before the unreflecting back of it; at the same time pluming himself upon the perfection of his looking glass.

Socrates rose from his daily bath of wisdom carrying a verbal advertisement of this mirror for original sin on his lips. "Know thyself!" he called abroad, rubbing up his circulation with the rough towel of Knowledge,— "Know thyself!" and he turned the Mirror of Reflection upon his bare soul.

After recognizing the imp within us the next step is to swallow him or he will swallow us; if one may be allowed a paraphrase of Thomas Carlyle, whose mirror so clearly reflected his neighbors' devils.

The redeeming feature in the character of sin is its respect for any power greater than its own. Bully your devil conscientiously, in the voice of an Irishman driving a pig, and he will slink back into the darkest recesses of your nature, his tail between his cloven feet.

The worst of the individual devil is the rapidity of his growth provided a stone is not put upon his head in infancy. Spare the rod upon him at the pliable age and you will spoil not only him but yourself into the bargain. Man's idea of his own perfectness has grown with the hurry of this century. In the days when men had more time to pray they were forced into thoughtful solitude by the act of prayer.

What we all need is time to be alone with God and our real selves. Call this prayer or whatever you please, it is the simplest means to reform. If I were king for a day my first command would summon each of my subjects into his most private apartment where he perforce must remain alone for one half hour, meditating upon the character of his personal devil. After this fruitful half hour I should look upon myself as a successful reformer, and the successor to my throne would start out with pretty fair moral ballast in his ship of state. The disciples of the religion of perfection are so certain of their own security in righteousness that they lose all standard of wrong, something even more important than a standard of right.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE

AT the time of a presidential campaign, when politics, which signify the large question of national and municipal government, permeate every community, the deficiency of American women, as a class, in political intelligence, is painfully noticeable.

With the broadening education of our women there has come a widespread interest among them in masculine pursuits, at least, such as touch upon science, athletics and aesthetics; but the time does not yet seem ripe, when in the masses of American women actual, intelligent interest in the intricacies of their government can be excited.

A prominent thinker among Boston women recently reproached a bevy of well-educated girls for their total ignorance of some important local political question that day brought prominently before the attention of the people.

"Don't you girls ever read the papers?" asked the would-be reformer,

"that you are completely ignorant of what goes on in your own city?"

"Oh yes, I read the papers, my dear Mrs. —; but not politics unless I'm reading aloud to Father," replied a bright, intelligent-looking girl.

"But if you were ever called upon to vote what would you do?" continued their interrogator. "Oh, we're not very keen about voting," they replied in a chorus. "It would be a great bore! Let the men do that! They always have."

My friend turned to me in despair. "Women are no nearer the polls than they were when I was a girl!"

The reason lies with them; no one else is to blame," was the only reply after that typical exhibition.

The majority of English women of education are ready for the polls, by reason of their active and practical interest in politics, but some mental crisis must reach our women, precipitating them, not sentimentally but rationally, into political understanding and interest, before they are fitted to cast a vote calculated to be of national benefit. Possibly this flippant ignorance can be laid somewhat to our national lack of conversation; we talk immoderately, but how often do a dozen of us converse, or any one of the dozen attempt to, without producing a general strain of the jaws, suppressing yawns? Social discourse not punctuated by high, forced laughter and artificial attempts at "being funny" is set down as pedantically slow.

College does not appear to whittle off the native flippancy of the American girl; it gives her a distinctly new variety. But whenever she is ready for recognition as an American citizen, with the right of franchise, it is ready for her; all she need do is to show herself tall enough to reach the point in sight.



A FROZEN WHISTLE

A LITTLE stream stole around the corner, crept under a fence, spread itself over yellow sand and pebbles, and babbled in complacent satisfaction. So like a voice it sounded, that a girl, seated on a moss-covered log, sprang to her feet and listened, only to sink back again with a sigh. She glanced down the path that followed the stream, and her lips spread into a broad smile as some thought passed through her mind; she jumped up, ran to the side of the dark pool, and bending over it, looked at her reflection intently.

"Seventeen to-day," she murmured, "and who would believe it?"

In the water she saw a mass of golden hair, a large mouth, an impertinent nose, and two clear blue eyes. As she met the eyes she made a little face; she was accustomed to all that, it was the rest of the picture that amused her. Her dress was very short, and showed smooches of red clay with here and there a faded blue stripe. Swinging a limp sunbonnet by its one unhappy string she looked critically at the picture. With a movement of inspiration she thrust the bonnet-string in her mouth and

chewed it vigorously. She nodded her head solemnly at her reflection, saying, as she laughed again:

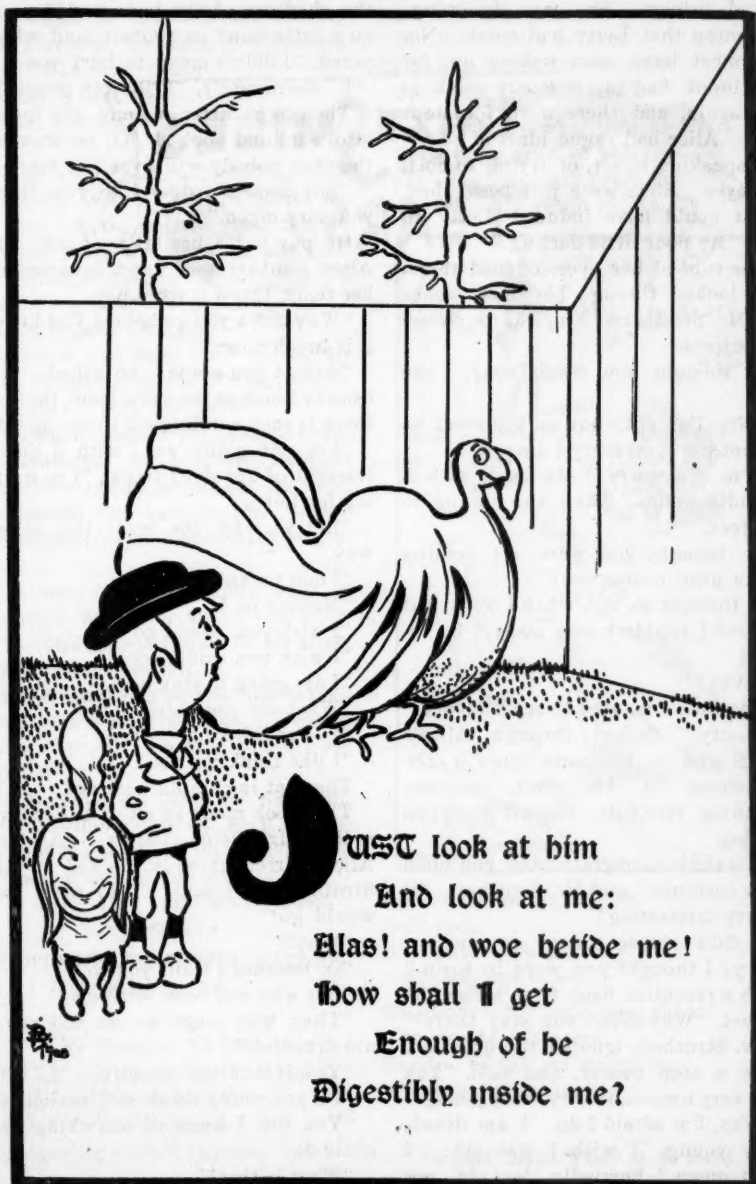
"O, what will Letty say? I look just as I did the day we ran off, and stayed here, at this very place, for hours, and no one could find us! What fun it was! Dear me, who would have thought it would have been so hard to make that mud look natural!"

She sat down on the bank, her feet hanging over the stream, and her forehead puckered in a frown.

"What made me do this? Mamma says Mr. Struthers does not like hoidenish girls. True, he is so much older than I am! I should say he *was* older, he's nearly thirty and I'm only seventeen when I am oldest! O, I wish I was *real* old—about twenty-five!"

She looked intently at her reflection. "I wonder if he loves Letty? Everybody loves her."

Her lips trembled, and throwing her arms across the log she burst into tears. Melancholy rivulets trickled over her cheeks, and made mournful smears. She was unhappy for a quarter of an hour. Then somehow the brook sounded very indistinct and very far away. Just a whisper. Soon all faded out of existence, for she was



JUST look at him
And look at me:
Alas! and woe betide me!
How shall I get
Enough of he
Digestibly inside me?

sound asleep. She was dreaming; dreaming that Letty had come. No, she must have been waking up, for the brook had mysteriously come to life again, and there were footsteps near. Alice had vague ideas of someone speaking to her, of trying to open her eyes. Steps were just beside her. What could have induced Letty to say, "My poor little darling."

She rubbed her eyes, opened them, and looked through her dark lashes at—Mr. Struthers. She was too sleepy for surprise.

"I thought you were Letty," she said.

"No, I'm not, but as you seem to expect her I am sorry I am not."

"I'm not sorry," she said, with a friendly smile. Then she sprang to her feet.

"I thought you were n't coming home until to-morrow?"

"I thought so, too, when I went; but I found I couldn't stay away," he replied.

"Why?"

"Because I wanted to see someone."

"Letty," flashed through Alice's mind, and at the same time a consciousness of her own costume. Blushing furiously, she sat down on the log.

"I have not congratulated you upon your costume," said Mr. Struthers, "it is very interesting!"

"I didn't expect to see anyone but Letty; I thought you were in town." With a resentful flash from under the bonnet, "Why didn't you stay there?"

Mr. Struthers ignored the question, came a step nearer, and said, "You look very nice—and very, very young."

"Yes, I'm afraid I do. I am dreadfully young. I wish I was old! I don't mean," hurriedly, "*real* old, not as old as you are!"

He flushed slightly.

"I don't feel old." He looked into

the shadows of the bonnet. She put up a little hand in protest, and whispered, "I didn't mean to hurt you,—I—I," desperately, "I like old people!"

Then to his utter dismay, she burst into tears and sobbed, "O, no wonder they say nobody will ever like me!"

"But someone does like you, likes you very much."

He put out a hesitating hand; but Alice, embarrassed, and ashamed of her tears, threw it from her.

"Why don't you go home? You know it is lunch time."

"Aren't you going?" he asked; "we usually lunch at the same hour, though there is such a difference in our ages!"

"I'm not going yet," with a quick thought of her short frock; "I'm waiting for Letty."

"Letty! why she went the other way."

"I don't want any lunch."

"Neither do I."

"I wish you would go!"

"I wish you would come!"

"I am going to stay here."

"What are you going to do?"

"I—I'm thinking."

"I like thinking, too."

They sat in complete silence.

The brook made an effort to keep up a little frivolous chatter. At last Alice stirred uneasily, looked at Mr. Struthers, and said, "I do wish you would go!"

"Why?"

"O, because I want you to."

"But why not come with me?"

"They will laugh at me and say I am dreadful."

"Yes, it is rather dreadful."

"Do you really think so?" anxiously.

"Yes, but I know of one thing you could do."

"What is that?"

"Let me say that they must not."

"That wouldn't do any good," contemptuously.

"It would if you will let me say something else, the thing of all others I would like most to say."

"What is that?" inquiringly.

"That you are—are—going to marry me!"

As he said this, he looked at her doubtfully and slid a little nearer on the log. Alice pushed the bonnet from her head, the better to see him, and almost shrieked—

"Marry you!"

Mr. Struthers retreated.

"I know I'm very old," apologetically; "I can't help that." Approaching again: "May I sit here?"

The log was so slippery that she slid a little nearer. Mr. Struthers thought that encouraging, he put out his hand and turned her face to him. Alice rose suddenly, bewildered with excitement.

"O, hang it! I don't know what to say; but I love you, Alice, you know I love you!" clasping her in his arms. "My little sweetheart."

Startled and frightened, she leaned closer and whispered, "So it wasn't Letty, after all. I'm so glad; O, I am so glad!"

Glancing up the path, her eyes fell on her brother, standing as if turned to stone, his hands in his pockets, and a whistle frozen on his lips.

Elsie Beale Hemphill

YE PITEOUS TRUTHFUL BALLAD OF YE BARD

I.

Ye Person of Ye Bard

THERE was an ancient minstrel
Who bode in ancient times,
And won his entertainment
By weaving story'd rhymes.

His back was bent beneath ye weight
Of 97 years,
His front was bent by frequent bouts
With divers ales and beers.

His eyes were dim and watery,
But little could he see;
He had no teeth, but happily,
Scant use for teeth had he.

His hoary locks, what time he stood,
They hung upon ye floor;
They swept ye dusty roads behind,
His whiskers swept before.



His coat it was ye pattern
Of 1763,
His hat it was a marvel
For any one to see.

His shoon—but I will pass them,
In pity for his years;
Besides, ye subject moves me
To reverential tears.

II.

Ye Bard Grows Weary of Ye Road

Now came a day whereon ye bard
He wearied of ye road.
Said he, "'Tis time that for my age
I should be well bestowed.

"I wot of one upon ye coast
Of yonder eastern sea,
Whose hall is large, whose heart is warm
And he will shelter me,

"So I will crave permission
To join ye cavalcade
Of some obliging merchant
Whose course is eastward laid;

"Some man who from his plenty—
May God his joys prolong!—
Will tide me o'er my journey,
A stricken child of Song."

III.

Ye Great Man Jollies Ye Bard
He fared unto a Great Man,
His wishes for to state:
Ye Great Man met him kindly,
And led him to ye gate,



And pressed his hand at parting,
And said that he was sad,
And if ye bard were going west
He'd fix him and be glad.

But, so it chanced to happen,
He had no eastern trade;
Wherefore unto the ye rising sun
He sent no cavalcade.



And if he sought ye favor
At eastern traders' hands,
They shortly would come at him
With five-to-one demands,
And they would get his camels,
His asses and his lands.

IV.

Ye Anguish of Ye Bard

Like one who has the palsy,
Ye minstrel heard him through;
His whiskers shook as in a gale,
His locks they trembled, too.

He tried to thank ye Great Man,
But stumbled in his speech;
Ye words that he was grasping at
Were just beyond his reach.

A sob he could not stifle,
It shook his ancient frame;
"I'm up," he faintly murmured,
"Against ye same old game."

V.

Ye Bard Accepts His Fate

At length he got control of
His lachrymary glands,
And ceased to weep, and straightened up
And spat upon his hands,
And says, says he, "A-many times
I've tramped ye country o'er;
And, though my shanks are tottery,
I'll have to tramp some more."
And so he went, and so long time
A-down ye eastern ways,
There crawled an aged minstrel
With weak and wistful gaze.
Ye naughty children smote him
With stones, and did revile;
And O, his heart was heavier
With every weary mile.

VI.

Ye Moral

Ye world he moved to laughter,
Or patriotic flame,
Forgot its benefactor—
O, was it not a shame!

Frank Putnam

UNCLE JOSHUA SPEAKS OF DOGS

"SPEAKIN' 'bout dogs," said Uncle Joshua, "reminds me of a mosquito dog we had when I wus a boy an' lived in Iowa. Didn't never tell ye what a mosquito dog wus, did I?"

"Well, th' mosquitoes in Iowa them days wus big, healthy fellows, about th' size of a three-weeks-old chicken, had an appetite like a goat, an' wus particularly fond of babies. You've seen my brother Bill? Thought he'd had th' small pox, most likely? Well, he never did. Those scars are from mosquito bites. When he wus a baby,

Ma left him a-layin' on th' bed one day for a few minutes while she went for a pail of water, an' when she got back his face looked like somebody'd bored it full of holes with a gimlet.

"But I wus goin' to tell ye 'bout our mosquito dog. He was th' most intelligent dog in them parts, an' th' best trained. We called him 'Stub,' because he wus stub-tailed. Kinder curious, too, how he lost his tail. When he wus a puppy, he seemed ter have a hankerin' for prairie dogs. Use'ter sneak up back of their houses when they wus sittin' out doors, grab 'em by th' tail an' drag 'em all over th' township, shakin' th' breath out of 'em an' growlin'. It wus great sport for th' puppy, but it wus death on th' prairie dogs.

"Well, one hot day he'd been out amusin' hisself thet way till he got tired out an' laid down in th' shade of a cottonwood an' went ter sleep. Pretty soon he began growlin' an' barkin' in his sleep—had th' nightmare, I reckon. Then he grabbed his tail in his mouth an' began ter drag hisself around jest as he did th' prairie dogs, shakin' hisself till th' fur flew. Course we tried to stop him, but before he woke up he'd chewed off th' biggest part of his tail.

"After that he kinder seemed ter lose his interest in prairie dogs an' we began ter train him ter be a mosquito dog, so he could mind th' baby.

"Ma'd put th' kid on a shawl in th' shade an' Stub'd run around him in a circle an' bark at th' mosquitoes. Th' pesky things'd sit round jest out of his reach, polishin' their bills an' waitin' for Stub to get tired an' go ter sleep, so they could get at th' baby. But he'd never give 'em any show; use'ter keep on runnin' thet way for hours.

"After awhile, goin' round in a circle got ter be sech a matter of habit

with him that he couldn't walk in a straight line if he tried. Yes sir; he'd start, maybe for th' barn, an' fetch up over by th' hen coop. Then he'd scratch his ear, sorter thoughtful like, an' head for th' house, tryin' ter wag th' tail he hadn't got. When he'd run into th' horse block, 'bout a hundred feet from where he wanted ter go, he'd set down an' whine real pitiful. It wus real touchin' ter see th' look on thet dog's face when somebody'd throw out a bone for him, an' he couldn't strike th' right circle ter get ter it.

"But poor Stub! We lost him at last. He'd always git excited when a storm come along, an' try ter catch th' chickens when th' wind blew 'em away. One day he'd just got through taking' care of th' baby when a little breeze come along an' blew a couple of spokes out of th' hind wheel of a wagon that was standin' in th' yard. Th' hired man'd jest been paintin' th' barn red th' day before, an' it hadn't got dried on. The wind peeled about six square feet of that paint off, carried it over into th' next township an' stuck it on Deacon Hubbin's front door. I had ter go over th' next day an' scrape it off. Then our old rooster went sailin' by an' Stub made a jump for it. Just as he opened his mouth ter grab th' rooster's tail feathers th' wind put on an extra spurt an' filled him up like a paper bag, an' away he sailed after th' rooster. They went over th' house an' out across th' prairie, risin' higher an' higher all th' time, till they was only little specks among th' clouds, with th' rooster jest a little ahead, an' Stub still tryin' ter reach his tail feathers. Then they went out of sight, an' we never saw 'em again. Poor Stub, he was a wonderful know-in' dog." And Uncle Joshua sighed gently and wiped away a reminiscent tear.

Maitland Leroy Osborne

THE COLLEGE HERO

IF you should meet a student
At this time of the year,
With blackened eyes, a bunged up nose,
And lacerated ear,
Don't say that he was fighting—
For he was better bred—
Change your base insinuation
Say "He played foot-ball," instead.

The gamey little foot-ballist,
He knows a thing or two,
The world will give him honor,
When he's battered black and blue,
Even rather than the sweater
With initials gay and bright,
He'd anyway prefer to show
An eye that's closed up tight.

For then attractive girls will see
His "foot-ball winkéd" eye
And murmur "He's our Hero,"
And heave a longing sigh.
He knows that they know all about
His touch-down on the line,
And how he bore eleven men
Hanging upon his spine.

Many fair hands are holding still
The paper which they've read,
Where glaring on the sporting page
Flareth a great scare-head:
"Webster crawls a touch-down
With eleven on his back."
Love glances greet from scores of eyes,
True blue, and flashing black.

What's a black eye, or broken nose
Or lacerated ears,
When on the fairest lips of all
His praises loud he hears?
Who wouldn't be a foot-ballist,
Laid up a month in bed,
When such fair hands will twine a
wreath
Of laurels for his head?

Flynn Wayne

COMMONSENSE COMMUNICATIONS

By Mrs. Mary Worthington

What is the exact meaning of the phrase "Good Form?"

When anything is in good form it is in the prevailing fashion. In the fourteenth and fifteenth century it was good form for the finest ladies and gentlemen of the courts to eat simultaneously, with their fingers, out of a great dish set in the centre of the dinner table. By no stretch of the imagination could that form of gastronomy be called good in our day except among the cannibals of the South Seas. Good form is an arbitrary term, intimating, in connection with an individual, that he is used to the best the prevailing etiquette can afford. Our grandfathers most politely shovelled down their food with a knife, but now it is bad form to do so.

Do eastern or western men dress the best?

Without "sitting on the fence" I can say no general statement can be made in reply to that question. In both sections there are very well-dressed men and very poorly dressed men among those who make any pretention to follow styles. In the east the question of following the fashion carefully is of more importance among average men than in the west, but when a westerner does study the style he is an apt pupil. Good form in dressing is usually preceded by anxiety about "the morning tub." No matter in what city, be it eastern or western, whenever it becomes the fashion to take a cold bath in the morning as regularly as breakfast and before that meal, an outbreak of good dressing is apt to follow. Proper care of the person leads to thought of personal adorn-

ment; but sensible people never go into that excessively, to the weakening of their pocket-books or brains, and cleanliness need not necessarily make slaves of fashion.

How can I be a popular girl and have the good times at parties that I see other girls having?

A popular girl must first of all be kind and cheerful. Let the other people talk scandal; you guard your tongue. It is easy to be clever at the expense of other people's good name, but one need not be clever to be popular—quite the reverse. Say and think the kindest things possible to everybody. Learn to do everything well in the way of amusement done by your friends; a girl cannot be popular at a dance unless she dances well, nor at golf unless she golfs well, and so on to the very end of the amusement list. Learn to be perpetually cheerful, good natured and uncomplaining. Never speak of private pain or griefs.

*"Laugh, and the world laughs with you;
Weep, and you weep alone."*

Do your best to behave naturally in society, without affectation of manners or speech; be polite to elderly people and do not talk about yourself. The popular girl lives a life of self-denial unless she is naturally perfect in these details of personal success.

What is the proper age for a child to begin music; the child having a decided talent for music and hopes to finish her musical education in Europe?

The most fruitful age for starting in a child to study the piano is somewhere between seven and nine years, according to the physical and mental development of the child, unless it is in a position to enter earlier one of

the modern Kindergarten classes in music so marvellously productive of easy, natural results. Among the teachers of the Fletcher Symplex Kindergarten work children are taken in classes at four years of age. The best advice any one can offer about the beginning of a child's musical education is to secure the *best* teaching to be had from the very first lesson. Nothing is so difficult as eradicating bad technical faults acquired when the muscles of the hands are flexible. There is no economy in cheap instruction.

How can a man force himself to care for a wife grown indifferent to him?

He cannot force himself, but he can lead himself and her back to the point where they both found each other indispensable. Married people do not allow sufficiently for the changes natural to everybody with advancing years. Keep up with each other; never lose step or you will lag behind in the procession. But with all this moving on, every life retains certain original qualities; some such qualities or charms as attracted you towards your wife in the beginning; if she has fallen behind your step, go back, take her by the hand and kindly show her through the woods of life as if she were a strayed child. Married people wander too far away from their starting point without finding a safe road to travel. Get back to that point every time you see the goblins of unhappiness in the path, and start together afresh on a new trail.

Do you think women's clubs beneficial to the sex?

I think clubs are beneficial to women exactly as they are to men; no more, no less. It has grown to be a pernicious habit this drawing a mental line between the sexes; men and women are equally human beings. Certain kinds of men are benefited by meeting

together with other men and rubbing up against other brains; some men are sufficient unto themselves, their families and their neighbors. Exactly so with women, many of whom must be out stirring about at something, and there is no doubt but writing papers, no matter how weakly, and reading them at a club is a better business to be at than the old-fashioned gossiping bees. The most reasonable club work yet done by women for the purpose of mental development is the kind least in use, where women come together in classes to listen to some professional lecturer whose information is both reliable and well put, he having made a life study of the subject in hand. In this way women actually get food for thought out of a club—a thing every one needs. Men, women and little children all need something useful to think about, and when a club meets this demand of either sex it is a useful instrument of society.

How can a man know for certain when he is in love?

A man may be perfectly certain when he can not help himself. If every man who thought himself in love put his feelings on probation there would be fewer unhappy marriages. If you can go away easily or stay away calmly from the object the right one has not yet arrived. If there is a single doubt or question in your own mind she is not the one. Nothing can shake real love as nothing can shake real faith, for love is a kind of religion, positive as the sunshine; absolute as life. Anything less than this can only be called love; it is not the real thing. Be absolutely sure that you cannot help loving her, then cheerfully take the consequences whatever they may be, for with that kind of love between you nothing else makes any difference because that love is your strength, your rod and your staff through life.



SOME one has likened life to a great stairway, whereon many are ascending and others descending; where the polished shoe of the courtier or gallant oft slips, while the rough shoon or the barefoot boy finds firm foothold in the ascent. This suggests the condition that to-day confronts young men just starting in life. There are those who assert that the same opportunities for young men do not exist to-day as in years past. Are not the young people of to-day better educated, in every way better fitted for life to-day than ever before? There never has been a time when new recruits for the industrial and professional army, of the right metal, were in more demand. But positions and salaries are not made to order. A beginning at the bottom of the stairway is as essential as it ever was, and the young man who faithfully masters his undertakings, and is patient and deserving is more certain than ever of eventually standing, if not on the topmost tread, at least a respectable and satisfying distance up the stairway. Those who would feed the flames of passion, encourage the crime

of caste and create discontent, jealousy and envy are a curse to the age in which they live. They may be likened to Modred in Tennyson's "Idyls of the King," sowing the seeds of discord.

IN the midst of the joy of welcoming home Dr. Peter McQueen, the staff representative of "The National Magazine," from South Africa, comes the sad intelligence of the death of Henry B. Fobes in China. Mr. Fobes left Boston in January last, commissioned by "The National Magazine" to prepare a series of specially illustrated articles on China. He died of fever, at Shanghai. A braver and brighter young man never lived than Henry Fobes, and his death is felt deeply by all who knew him. Mr. Winthrop Packard, who has had many thrilling adventures at Cape Nome and in Behring Sea, has arrived safe and sound at Seattle, and will soon be in Boston. The next trip outlined for "The National Magazine" globe trotter is to Nicaragua and the South American countries. We have the distinction of being the only American magazine, securing contributions from

all parts of the world through staff correspondents. Their travels have already aggregated over 100,000 miles. Mr. McQueen has made the trip around the globe twice within two years.

OUR heartiest thanks are due to the many subscribers who have expressed in such generous and inspiring terms their appreciation of the October number.

"Right up to date;" "timely, aggressive and alert;" "'The National Magazine' is the truest reflection of national life, that is presented to-day." These expressions, even while we realize that "The National Magazine" is not yet all that we aim to make it, are always an inspiration for the future and stimulate us to greater effort.

While the readers of "The National" are to be found not only in every state and territory of the Union, but in many foreign lands beyond the eastern and western seas, its correspondence department brings together representatives of all sections to "Talk It Over" as in the genial glow of a hearth at which all are welcome.

Never have I been so thoroughly impressed with this as during a trip just finished, covering some 2,000 miles of devious journeyings. In north, south, east and west, alike, there seemed to be everywhere friends and readers of "The National Magazine." Especially was this true in the south where Clarence Ouseley's description of the Galveston cyclone and its attendant horrors, bearing both the impress of genius and the imprint of a terrible experience of calamity and sorrow too awful for adequate description, but borne with a manly courage and helpfulness, has been received with that warmth and enthusiasm of which it was indeed worthy.

There were few hotels where I did not find a reader and admirer of "The National," and it naturally added to one's sense of home-like comfort, to find it well-thumbed and in demand upon the reading-tables. These expressions may appear to savor of personal vanity, but "The National" is the selected best of thousands of articles, suggestions and artistic contributions and every reader and subscriber who chooses to write to it, is always given a respectful hearing, and if his ideas can be utilized, they become a part of the common effort, which alone can build up a really strong and representative American magazine. It is indeed pleasant to hear, afar from home, and from an utter stranger: "My mother thinks there is nothing like 'The National';" it is the favorite at our home;" "My sister up in Buffalo, almost swears by 'The National,'" and the like. Simple tributes in homely, everyday phrase, but if many hearts reflect and endorse them, the work of the past and the hopes of the future cannot be in vain.

HAVE you ever felt that sense of satisfaction in work completed? No matter how imperfect, if you have done your best, there is a marked degree of serenity. Well, we feel that way concerning every issue of "The National Magazine." Of course we cannot pronounce it our best, because we expect to keep right on growing, until the census returns will reveal few names not on our list. So you see we have a long task before us. Now, when you write us do not always mention the good things, but point out defects so that we may strengthen every imperfect feature.

"'The National Magazine' is an expensive magazine to take, because you make us write letters," writes a subscriber. He grasps the idea precisely.

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

FEW indeed there are of those interested in American literature who will not feel a sense of personal loss in the death of Charles Dudley Warner. He was an inspiration to more young Americans than will ever be recorded to his credit. Who has not felt the glow of his cheering good nature while reading those charmingly simple sketches, "My Summer in a Garden", first published in the course of his newspaper service.

This again emphasizes the close alliance between newspaper work and literary effort, for Charles Dudley Warner, from his editorial work, attained a prominence in American literature. An interesting story is told of how his newspaper sketches were gathered together for a book and refused by a number of leading publishers. Henry Ward Beecher, then in his prime, read them and remarked, "We will see about it." He wrote a preface for the sketches and sent them to a publisher and an edition of 10,000 was soon exhausted.

This again suggests how often a successful writer owes his success to prominent men who have assisted him to gain a foothold.

Mr. Warner was a neighbor and friend of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and through her met her distinguished brother. He was also a fellow townsman of Mark Twain. Personally, Mr. Warner was a charming man, and never can I forget his kind words, when he remarked in reference to "The National Magazine", "Keep right at it, you are on the right track and have right purposes. Remember it is a fight—always a fight." And then came the story of what Henry Ward Beecher had told Charles Dudley Warner, "You have the genuine stuff in you. You only need to be born, and I will be present at your

birth. Give me those newspaper slips and I will write a preface for them, and the publishers will take them from me if not from you." Mr. Beecher was indeed present at the birth, and Charles Dudley Warner never forgot the great preacher for his kindness. Thus truly great men recognize and assume their responsibilities, and aid and encourage those who are to succeed them as leaders in the literature and art of later generations.

Home from the Boer War

AFTER a journey of twenty-five thousand miles, with many vicissitudes and troubles, it is good to feel oneself back again in the land of Home. The world is intensely thrilling everywhere; mankind are interesting in all countries; each nation has something charming. The great crime of mind is to hate a nation. Why hate the Chinese, the French, the English, or the Boers? In my travels I have learned to love all nations.

With that spirit I went among the Boers and Britons. The Boers gave me grand entertainment and the British were very kind. In the Transvaal last summer there was much to learn from all sides. The Outlanders were a unique body of men—Germans, Frenchmen, Americans, Dutchmen, Scandinavians. Some of the best skill and bravery of the world was shown in their ranks. General de Villebois of the French army was the most beloved. Colonel Blake, the American, was the bravest.

But the most of the strategy of the war was originated on the Boer side by Oom Paul, and on the English side by General Roberts. It is said by those who should know that whenever the Boers followed the advice of Oom Paul they succeeded; whenever they fol-

PUBLISHER'S DEPARTMENT

lowed any other advice they failed. Those of the Burghers who fought did giants' work. But half of the time the Boers had scarcely any men on the firing line. The British fought uniformly bravely; but they were dreadfully hampered by red tape and discipline. The part of the English army that had the least rules, the Canadians, the New Zealanders, the Australians and the various bodies of scouts did the most effective work. If any men deserved the palm of bravery it was the Highlanders. Those men were glorious in their courage. I was disappointed in the small size of some of the Imperial troops; but found the Tommys far better men than those described in Mr. Kipling's books. Kipling has given us as his type of British soldier a cockney cad and an Irish black-guard, and neither is the correct man.

Nor are the Boers so bad as they are painted. I did not find the dirt and the hypocrisy I had expected. It seems to me that these veldt folk are terribly in earnest in religion as in other things. As a clergyman, I could not have been treated better than I was by De Wet, Delarey, Botha and the others. The psalm-singing, too, was wonderfully impressive. "Ik Heb een Vader in het Beloovde Landt"—"I Have a Father in the Promised Land" was a favorite. Moody and Sankey's hymns were in every house.

As men and fathers the Boers are very high in the scale. For family life you have to go to America to find the equal of that in the Transvaal. Nowhere else, except in our own country, is a woman so highly esteemed. They are splendid women, too. I met Mrs. General Joubert. She told me the story of the Voortrekkers and of Majuba Hill. It goes beyond all fiction in dramatic interest. The founders of the Transvaal trekked and fought and starved that they might live alone like

the simple folk of their single Book. But ever the advancing waves of civilization lapped out the words they had written: "thus far and no further."

It is a fine country. A climate dry like that of Colorado on a soil best for pastoral life, not destined for a great agricultural world like the United States. But beneath the surface gleams the diamond, and glows the gold. Coal, iron, kerosene, copper—it seems an alembic of the Almighty. A thousand battleships lie sleeping in the soil, and enough to quench the national debt. Across the high veldt in the south the soft air breathes on lowing herds. Among the mountains the scene is wild and beautiful—a land rugged and full of color, broken into deep ravines that resound to angry waters, and many a bastion and palsaded hill, and lofty gateways of brown rock, and mountains that flush to the divinest hues of gold and amber in the setting suns. A land one still remembers amid the dust and strife, gloriously as a dream of Paradise rests on the brain of some young sleeper waking to sorrow, cold and pain.

The struggle for supremacy is not over. When the last armed band is called in the strife will take another theatre and another aspect. From the veldt the Republicans (and there are many Englishmen who are in this category) will take their forces to the Cape Parliament; and I have no doubt that the same result will come at last by peaceful agitation as that for which the Burghers, with cannon, fought so grandly but in vain. A new United States of South Africa will rise from Zambesi to the Cape of Storms. England will not lose, but gain, by this evolution when it comes. A pity that the consummation shall come only after bloodshed and bitterness; but it is not permitted to question the processes of God.

Peter MacQueen



From the CROW'S NEST

By Havre Sacque

*An open Sea—a privateering prow—
Art, Drama, Verse, and late adventure now—
And then, a "Crow's Nest" view of books, and men—
A bit to talk about between myself and thou.
(With apologies to Omar, the Persian.)*

Actors' Church Alliance Do you wear one of the small, dainty, shield-shaped badges, showing the Bible supported by Shakespeare and bearing the legend "A. C. A?" All right-thinking people—people who are delighted to see a greater harmony between the Church and the Stage, or who are interested in the welfare of the theatre—ought to belong to it. Bishop Potter is its president; and if you will listen to the earnest, impassioned words of the Rev. Walter E. Bentley, general secretary of the Alliance, as he preaches to great crowds upon the subject, you will wonder at nothing so much as that there could ever be any divergence of interest between the Church and Stage. Of this, later, when time to get and space to print some portraits and other material along this line does not forbid. Meantime tell all your friends that the Actors' Church Alliance is a noble and an eminently worthy cause.

"And The Child Grew and Waxed Strong" The Annual Report (the wit of Rev. Mr. Bentley makes it anything but prosy,) declares that this Alliance, formed June, 1899, now has

375 "chaplains," ready to serve in any possible clerical way members of the theatrical profession who may chance to need their assistance, scattered over 38 states, the district of Columbia and Canada. 208 of these are Episcopal, 40 are Congregational, 31 Baptist, 23 Jewish Rabbis, 20 Catholic, 18 Presbyterian, 14 Methodist, 11 Unitarian, 5 Universalist, 3 Reformed, 1 Lutheran, 1 Reformed Episcopal. These men recognize that the dramatic art preaches great lessons of morality to audiences often reached in no other possible way, and are manly enough to stand forth boldly and say so.

MISS LILLIAN LAWRENCE,
ONE OF THE ACTIVE MEM-
BERS OF THE ACTORS'
CHURCH ALLIANCE



The Alliance strenuously opposes Sunday performances; but advocates warmly the countenancing, not in any patronizing way, but in cordial co-operation "whatsoever

things are pure, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are of good report," in dramatic performances everywhere. Here is your "elevation of the Stage," so called,

FROM THE CROW'S NEST

and elevation of the Church as well. The Church fails of its exalted mission, if the dramatic profession, or any other impressive factor in national life knocks in vain at any of its many doors for simple Christian hospitality!

§ § §

"To Sleep, To Dream—Perchance To Wake!" "All great conceptions come that way — by dreaming. The poet, the seer, the inventor, are like Aeneas when he has met his goddess Mother wrapped in a cloud. Then the mist lifts and their thought becomes a beautiful thing and it is called 'the fruit of genius.' Newton was nodding when the falling apple woke him. Watts roused from sleep to find the kettle hissing in his face; and poets wake from their sleep in the dead of night to pen lyrics which give them undying fame." Stanley Edwards Johnson, from whose amusing story "The Temper Cure" this paragraph was taken, is a Nantucket high school master, a journalist and short story writer of ability. His portrait hadn't arrived when this went to press.

§ § §

"Violent Fires Soon Burn Out" (Richard II.) Roland Champion's Heidelberg romance "The Princess Ah-medee" is a pretty tale of nineteenth century mediaevalism, so to speak, full of sword thrusts, ancient castles and deeds of daring in which a radical part is played by Frederic Forest, alias Baron Blauhaud, a New Englander abroad. This author makes a queer mistake in his quaint, half blank verse narrative (just published by Godfrey A. S. Wieners, New York,) where he tells how the "great stone house with four chimneys, and the great door with the devils' heads for a 'scutcheon,' yclept the "Devils' Bower," was burned to the ground from a stroke of lightning in a single night and how by daylight

the ashes had sufficiently cooled to disclose the charred bones of three men, with a naked sword by each heap! Perhaps ashes in Germany cool more quickly than they do in America!

§ § §

"Where Two Raging Fires Meet!" (Taming of the Shrew.) Mr. Champion's precedent may be found in no less a work than "Barnaby Rudge," when "old red brick" Haredale Castle was burned by the Gordon rioters—that "burning pile, revealing rooms and passages red hot" which "that day's sun had shone upon, a stately house." It will be recalled that the owner of the ruin climbs up over heaps of the ashes by *that same night's moonlight*, and makes a prisoner of Old Rudge, murderer, in the place whose very "corners were nothing but heaps of ruin." But "Boz" had a right to take liberties with pyrotechnics!

§ § §

Territorial Politics Hon. Carl Schurz Smith, the "National's" representative in the Hawaiian islands, sends to the "Crow's Nest" a two-page "Platform of the Republican Party of the Territory of Hawaii"—one side being in English, and the other in most musical native tongue. The "Ahahui Repubalika" of our new and enterprising "Panalaau" is more direct than most political documents, declaring the party's intention to apply for statehood at the earliest moment, advocating a liberal allowance appropriated by the legislature for the use and benefit of the now retired Lilioukalani, and announcing pronounced opposition to trusts and monopolies.

§ § §

Universal Peace With Turkey! Here's a sentiment for Thanksgiving from genial Sam Walter Foss—may he long write fun, measured and mirth unmeasured!—In his "Story of Mel-

FROM THE CROW'S NEST

chizedek Adoniram Jones" he tells how, when the long-named gentleman was reluctantly persuaded to eat his first Thanksgiving dinner,—

The Puritan began to eat; his frown, it passed away;

He felt the kindly influence sweet—the spirit of the day.

The turkey vanished like a dream, the pudding did not stay.

The viands in a steady stream all seemed to flow his way;

And him-ward all that dinner hour the stream of victuals poured.

And his assimilative power astonished all the board.

Between the pudding and the pie he lifted up his voice—

"Rejoice! rejoice!" they heard him cry; again I say "rejoice!

Give thanks for this your modern lot, and all your modern bliss.

I wish," he said, "John Endicott could taste a meal like this!"

§ § §

"In South Africa With Buller"

Is the most comprehensive and strictly historical account of the fast dying Boer-British conflict. George Clarke Musgrave, the author, has a vivid, terse style of writing; and his work differs from the sketches of various talented war correspondents in being more unified and less prejudiced. Mr. Musgrave believes in English supremacy in South Africa: a position somewhat inconsistent when one recalls his opinions of the Spanish-Cuban struggle; but his sympathies with Great Britain do not prevent his doing justice to the Afrikaner laurels and cause. Incidentally he pays to our American officers a tribute very pleasing to every patriotic citizen. His work is decidedly interesting, and of no small value from a military standpoint. (Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

"A Friend of Caesar"

By W. S. Davis, is a thrilling romance of the old Roman days, very welcome to a public that is surfeited with colonial and revolutionary tales. Many distinguished wearers of the toga move through its pages. He has given us an absorbing portrait of the great Julius, and a fascinating bit of Cleopatra. The purity of diction and beauty of style in this story are especially marked, and it bespeaks for itself a warm welcome among lovers of historical novels. (MacMillan & Co., N. Y.)

§ § §

"Her Boston Experiences"

By Margaret Allston is a witty account of a young woman's sojourn in the Hub, and contains many pungent and kindly criticisms of the city which is "not so much a location as an idea." While commenting on the very obvious faults of New Englanders, Miss Allston does not neglect to do justice to their equally obvious virtues, and her little volume makes decidedly entertaining reading. One characteristic paragraph declares "Bostonians have no desire to sprout!" And another in different vein recognizes that "Brains and talent will pass muster where no amount of money can among Bostonians. Greatly to their credit stands this fact." (L. C. Page & Co., Boston.)

§ § §

"London to Ladysmith, via Pretoria"

Is a widely interesting account of Winston Spencer Churchill's experiences in South Africa, and his captivity and escape from the Boers. This talented young man can fight well and write well; and he is far fairer to the Transvaal and its cause than many American authors. Out of a plethora of South African war histories no one can afford to miss this. (Longmans, N. Y.)

CAPITOL OF THE STATE OF IOWA

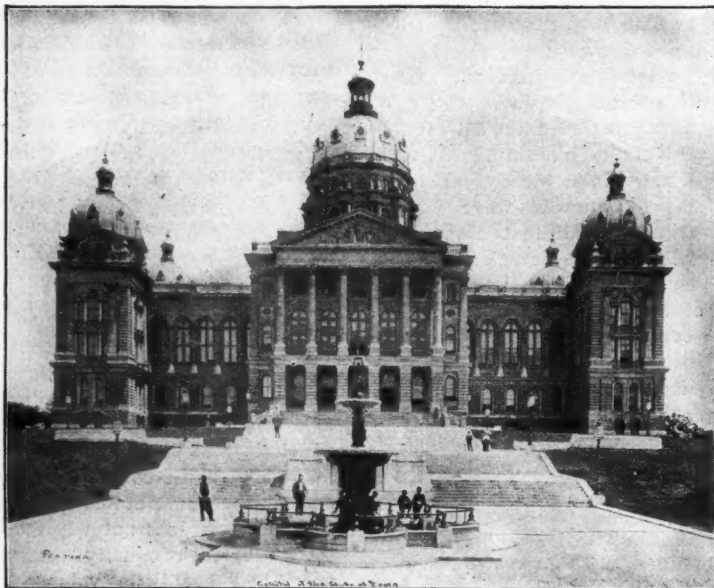


Photo by Pearson

A CONSERVATIVE WESTERN CITY

By Allan Dawson

JAMES BRYCE, the English author and publicist, made a careful study of the United States before venturing to write his great work, "The American Commonwealth." While a visitor at the home of a man engaged in a related kind of work, a fellow guest put to him the broad question, what country or region was most favored by nature. To the surprise of his questioner Mr. Bryce promptly replied that, in his opinion, the region most blessed in natural resources, and consequently the best fitted to sustain a dense population in comfort and

affluence, was that portion of the United States which is bounded on the north by the Great Lakes, on the east by the Alleghenies, on the south by the Ohio river, with a dip south of that river into Kentucky, and on the west by the Missouri. This region, he said, is not only the garden of America, but the garden of the world, surpassing Normandy in native fertility and equalling the best shires of England in the variety of elements for continued prosperity. As related items he enumerated the Great Lakes and their destined connection with

A CONSERVATIVE WESTERN CITY

tidewater, the mountains on the east stored with coal and utilitarian minerals, the forests to the south and

EQUITABLE BUILDING



north capable of supplying generations with wood for habitation and manufacture. "The upper Mississippi and Ohio valley," said Mr. Bryce, "is not only a garden, but a garden sur-

GRANT CLUB

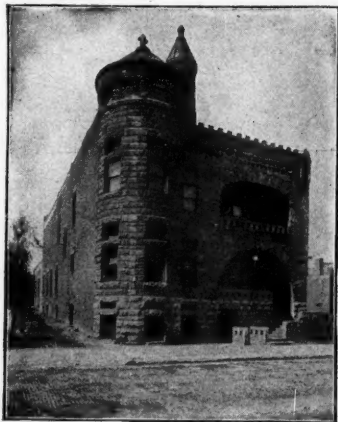


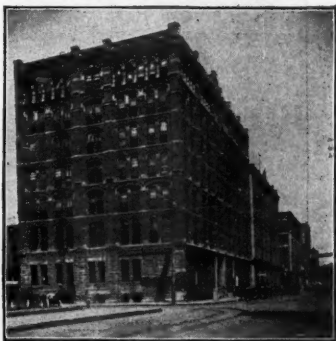
Photo by Softley

rounded with the means of supplying every essential human need. You

have but to reach your hand over the fence to pluck what you want." The inhabitants of the favored region thus delimited have long had the same opinion concerning its future. They believe it to be the home of typical America, and this belief, as it did much to encourage them through the trials of pioneer days, explains, in large measure, the grandiose optimism deemed characteristic of Western Americans.

Des Moines, a city of 62,129 inhabitants, according to the census of 1900, but which is profoundly convinced that in making the enumeration somebody blundered, owes its exis-

CORNER FIFTH AND MULBERRY STREETS



tence and bases its hope on two principal facts. The first is that it is situated in the richest part of the upper Mississippi valley, and the second is that its site is underlaid with coal beds which guarantee an inexhaustible supply of cheap fuel. It is true that in 1845 Captain James Allen came up the Des Moines river under orders from the government to locate a fort "at or near the forks of the Raccoon," but this meant merely a nucleus, and there would have been no crystallization of population except for the coal and the broad reaches of prairie land. The soldiers and the "sooners" of that

A CONSERVATIVE WESTERN CITY

day, to beat back whom the fort was established, saw that the land was as rich as Canaan, "a goodly land, a land of brooks and water; a land of wheat, and barley, and vines; a land wherein thou shalt eat bread without scarceness, thou shalt not lack anything in it". The fertile farms which were to feed the future city's factories have a soil which never sickens and furnish a background of stability which can

there are 375,200 acres. Of this acreage but 2,200 acres have been worked over, while 8,000 acres are held by mining companies for development. Thus but six-tenths of one per cent of even one county's area has been worked over, and only 2.13 per cent is being developed, while 97.27 per cent is unprospected. During the forty years that mining operations have been carried on, approxi-

STREET SCENE. FOURTH NORTH FROM WALNUT



never belong to a community nourished by conditions which are ephemeral. Central in a blue grass region of more than five times the area and surpassing in fertility that which has brought fame to "Old Kentucky," the Des Moines business man and manufacturer knows that this city is founded on a foundation beside which rock is friable. There is almost equal promise of perpetuity with respect to the coal deposits. In Polk county alone, which contains Des Moines,

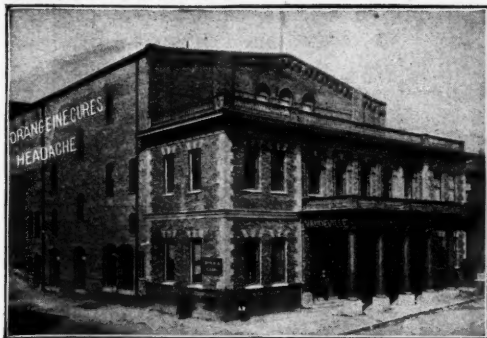
more than 10,000,000 tons of coal have been lifted. At the same rate of product there are 32,000,000 tons in the measures being developed, and the astonishing total of 1,600,000,000 tons underneath the county as a whole. It is not strange that the Des Moines manufacturer is able to get steam fuel delivered in his boiler room for \$1 a ton.

The visitor to Des Moines is quickly informed as to these things which insure the future, and then is told that

A CONSERVATIVE WESTERN CITY

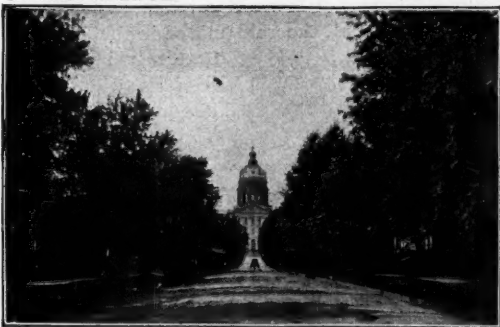
the city is unique among the cities of the west in that it never has a "boom," that carnival of speculation, whose

THE NEW AUDITORIUM



end is a prolonged headache. The records bear out the boast. It appears that there never was a year in which Des Moines did not embrace more people and do a larger business than the year preceding, yet there was never a period of sudden expansion. From frontier military post to frontier hamlet, then to village, then to town, and, finally, to city, at all times the progress has been steady and unsensational. Des Moines' industrial and commercial history has been that of a

CAPITAL AVENUE



conservative eastern city slightly exhilarated by the western atmosphere, building cautiously and principally

with home capital, paying cash and not borrowing. Probably the most notable fact in Des Moines' career,

which strongly differentiates it from its friends and rivals, is that it has never leaned on the eastern or foreign money lender. It has no black marks on the books of eastern savings banks, its brick and mortar do not represent money wheedled from others, its name does not arouse disagreeable recollections among widows and orphans. Not only has the city financed itself, but the

handsome surplus it has accumulated is prudently invested throughout the west. Formerly the younger element was accustomed to chafe a little over the fact that Des Moines did not "plunge" a little when "plunging" was the fashion, but there has been more philosophic acceptance of what is recognized as "the Des Moines way" since the panic of 1893. With no "dead horses" to pay for, and no crushing interest account to meet, Des Moines has naturally been get-

ting a larger dividend than most out of the returned prosperity. The banks of the city hold something more than \$20,000,000 of individual deposits, and these, supplemented by private capital, make it practically certain that legitimate business projects, when once their merits are known, can secure proper financial sustenance. As for the bonus hunter and all his works,

the somewhat canny people of Des Moines have long indicated that his room is more valued than his company.

A CONSERVATIVE WESTERN CITY

The patriotic citizen of Des Moines, Iowa, as it is first in corn, is also first in hogs, and is surpassed but by one state in cattle; that the value of the

STREET SCENE, WALNUT NORTH FROM FOURTH



erally first begins by talking about Iowa. Des Moines being the business, financial, railroad, educational, social and political capital of Iowa, the city and the state are treated almost as if they were convertible terms. You will be told that Iowa's corn crop, the largest in the country, having a greater value than the cotton crop of Georgia and Texas combined, or the anthracite coal output of Pennsylvania, if loaded on cars of the largest capacity, would burden a continuous train from Des Moines to London, thence to Calcutta, and thence to Manila; that

hay crop of the state, and the annual value created by the Iowa hen, both exceed the value of the Colorado gold and silver product; that the yellow butter of Iowa is worth more per year than all the gold mined in the United

States, with the Klondike thrown in for good measure. You will also be told that, during the fifty years that Iowa has been a commonwealth, such a thing as a crop failure has not occurred, the rain which is borne north from the Gulf of

Mexico annually precipitating itself with practically no variation. The hot winds, that bring sinking of the

NORTH DES MOINES HIGH SCHOOL



A CONSERVATIVE WESTERN CITY

heart to the trans-Missouri country, have thus far respected Iowa, although in 1894, the whisk of one's tail brought alarm. You will also be told that Iowa has a lower per cent of illiteracy than any state in the union. The foreign population is small, and what there is is principally from Germany and Scandinavia, of the best kind, setting the most wholesome example in thrift and sobriety. Iowans may differ on other matters, but it is difficult to find one who does not aggressively assert that Iowa is by far the best state in the sisterhood.

As might be surmised, Des Moines is the result of a congeries of small interests, rather than an outgrowth from a few large ones. Business is divided up among many, and there has not yet appeared that concentration and consolidation of which complaint is made elsewhere.

BOATMAN'S ISLAND



For example, in 1896 the number of individual business institutions reported to the commercial agencies

was 1082, while in 1900 the number was 1260. Instead of the business tendency being away from affording a

VIEW IN UNION PARK



chance for individual enterprise, it was in its favor. During the five years, despite the financial depression, the number of persons per business house decreased from 53 to 49. The population increased ten per cent, while the number of business institutions nearly

seventeen per cent. No manufacturing establishment in the city employs more than 200 hands, but the number of factories is surprisingly large, and of great variety. In addition to starch, flour and cereal mills, and pork packing which might be expected, there is flourishing manufacture of gloves, hosiery, wall-paper, woollens, typewriters, bicycles, furniture, incubators, agricultural implements, proprietary medicines, peanut and coffee roasters, tin cans,

paving and building brick (the largest single industry), tiling, vehicles, furnaces, and a large number

A CONSERVATIVE WESTERN CITY

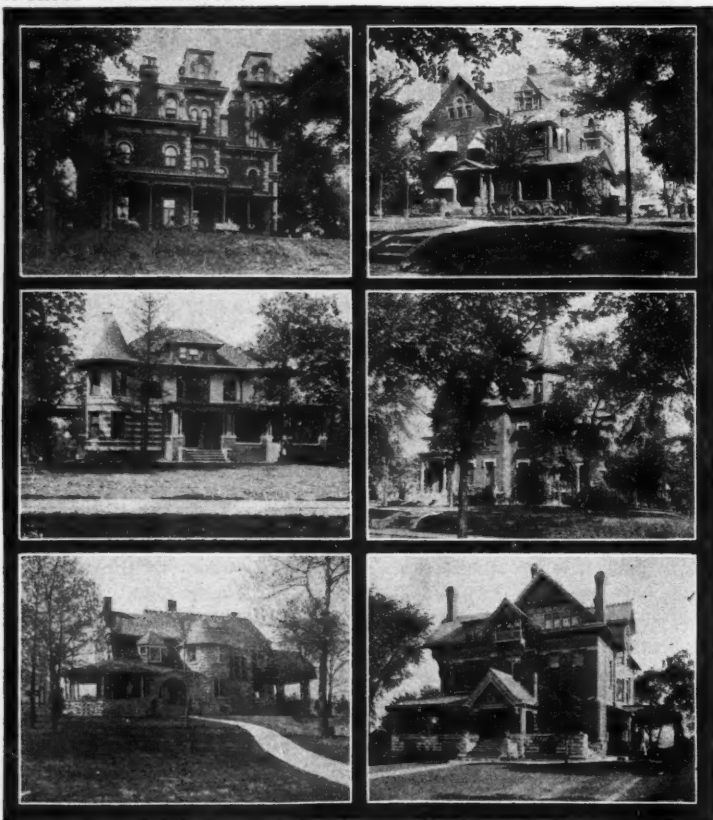
of specialties. It is a common saying in Des Moines that a legitimate growth of existing factories, to say nothing of additional ones, insures a fifty per cent increase of population during the next ten years.

Next to its manufacturing interests, probably the other largest single inter-

Des Moines men and doing business on Des Moines capital, have their headquarters here. There are as many local life companies, and in addition a large number of mutual associations maintain headquarters in the city for state or interstate business.

The educational interests of the

A GROUP OF RESIDENCES



est is the insurance one. The city is called the "Hartford of the West," and seems entitled to the label. The editor of one of the insurance papers published at Des Moines estimates that over 6,000 persons secure a livelihood from the insurance business. Ten fire insurance companies, all officered by

city are important both from an intellectual and a commercial standpoint, the latter because of the large number of persons they bring to the city during the major portion of the year. A recent investigation showed the college student population of Des Moines, exclusive of those who attend the various

A CONSERVATIVE WESTERN CITY

institutions from the city itself, to be 2,392. Drake university, named in honor of ex-Governor Drake, who has been a large benefactor, is the leading institution of the Christian denomination in the United States, and has enrolled approximately 1,000 students. Des Moines college is the state institution of the Baptist denomination. The Danish Lutheran college is the national institution of that denomination. Highland Park college, with a magnificent equipment of buildings, is one of the largest normal institutions in the country. Four musical colleges are maintained, and a most flourishing school of art, beside medical and dental colleges, and a complement of business colleges and preparatory institutions.

In public improvements, Des Moines is well advanced. The state capitol, when built, was the second best in the nation, and is still one of the handsomest. It is characteristic of the city and of the state that it was erected without the issue of a dollar of bonded indebtedness, and there never was a hint that, of the millions spent upon it, a cent was misappropriated. The state has expended \$200,000 on a soldiers' monument, designed by the late Carl Rohl-Smith, and is now building a Memorial building for the state's historical library and collection. The city has now, in an advanced stage of construction a public library building, whose cost is to be \$200,000, one of the most beautiful structures of its kind in the west. The county of Polk has voted for the erection of a new court house, which, exclusive of site, is to cost \$400,000. The number of miles of paved street in the city is eighty, which is said to be the largest per capita amount of paving of any city in the world. Most of this pavement, which is easily kept clean, is new, and it is practically all of vitrified brick,

an industry which has assumed large proportions and whose annual product is in excess of 25,000,000 bricks. Des Moines pavers, similar to those laid here, are used in Chicago, Omaha, Minneapolis, Kansas City and many other smaller places throughout the west. The city was late in getting started on a park system, but in the last ten years has made rapid progress. There are now more than 600 acres of parks, practically all paid for, and the park area is being improved by the expenditure of an annual tax levy which nets \$40,000. The school system embraces five high schools in different parts of the city, with some fifty other school buildings, most of them durably built. The street car system, something important in a city whose limits include fifty-four square miles of area, has a mileage of sixty-five miles.

Des Moines has seventeen lines of railroad radiating from it as a center, bringing the entire state into intimate and immediate connection. With such a railroad system braiding a populous and prosperous region, Des Moines jobbing and retail interests are naturally flourishing. In jobbing practically every line is represented. During the last five years there has been a marked development of Des Moines as an agricultural implement center. The city now ranks third in the United States as a distributor of such implements, the total of its trade in this line being exceeded only by Minneapolis and Kansas City. The total jobbing trade of Des Moines is now estimated at \$30,000,000 per annum. In retailing, Des Moines probably does as large a trade as any city of its size in the country. This fact is largely due to the readiness of access to so large a population, and a keen competition among the retail firms, which keeps prices low. The merchants of

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the city are active in fostering both jobbing and retail trade. Recently the retailers' association, embracing the principal merchants of the city, agreed to pay railroad fare one way to any customer in any part of the state who buys \$25 worth of goods from any or all of the associated firms. A merchants' clearing house bureau is maintained, at which the buyer presents the bills of goods purchased in the city and, if the total reaches \$25, he is given in cash the cost of his fare either to or from the city.

The city looks forward to a great extension of its manufacturing interests. In manufacturing, four prime factors must coincide—cheap power, cheap raw material, skilled labor and markets at hand capable of absorbing the output. Des Moines possesses all in marked degree. Coal, mined within the city limits, is cheaper than in most places in Pennsylvania. The population is of the most alert American kind, the total number of foreign born in 1895 being 8,329. Dominating the richest agricultural district of the United States, it is surrounded by generous purchasers and sure payers. Clay of all kinds is easily accessible, in many instances overlying the coal measures. The clays are of many

kinds, suitable for building, paving, ornamental and fire brick, retorts, crucibles and pottery—indeed, some of the finest pottery has been made from them. About \$1,000,000 is now invested in the clay industries, and several new plants are projected for the coming year. Sand is found in abundant quantities for glass making, and the use of bottles and jars in this city alone for proprietary medicines, pickles, etc., would furnish business for two glass-making plants, employing from 75 to 200 hands. Much is expected of the beet sugar industry. It has been demonstrated that Iowa corn land produces beets of higher saccharine quality than the best fields of Germany and France. With cheap fuel, the industry, once fairly started, seems certain to become a large one. With such permanent local advantages and such exceptional environment, Des Moines certainly offers high inducements for manufacturing enterprises.

Believing that destiny's unerring finger is indicating a brilliant future, and that no forces, or combination of forces, can prevent natural advantages from exerting their influence, Des Moines looks forward with serene gaze, and invites to its citizenship labor and capital of the genuine kind.

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